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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year in advance.

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If I had gold might it not be
A useless burden and a care?
And might it not convey to me
A sense of sorrow and despair?
'Tis possible wealth would not swell
The happiness of such as I;
I might not play the rich man well,
But yet I wouldn't mind to try.

If some day fame should hunt me up
And sing my praises every where,
Would joy or sorrow fill my cup,
Would skies be overcast or fair?
Would I not fain to see my name
In burning letters placed on high?
I'm modest, quite, but just the same
I feel as though I'd like to try.

If some fair maid should all her love
Upon my lonely heart bestow,
As gentle stars that shine above
Look down upon the earth below,
Would life perfection seem to me,
Or would I sometimes sadly sigh
From wedded bondage to be free?
Well, anyhow, I'd like to try.

—Chicago Herald.

AN OLD RIVER GAMBLER.

Incidents in the Life of "Daddy" Reagan, the Sport.

Fortunes Won at Cards and Lost in Speculation—He Fought for a Girl Who Became His Wife—Her Sad End.

The members of the sporting fraternity in St. Louis have already raised a large sum of money towards a monument to "Daddy" Reagan. When he died in a hospital recently the career of one of the most famous American gamblers came to an end.

Sam B. Reagan was born in Russellville, Ky., sixty-two years ago. His father was a clergyman and was prominent in his section. Sam was the eldest son and was well educated for a boy of those days in that somewhat unsettled region. His father was a man of some wealth, and among his possessions were several thoroughbred Kentucky horses. In these animals Sam found his greatest delight, and as a boy he soon became a clever horseman and noted throughout the vicinity as a daring rider and an expert judge of horseflesh.

It was but natural that his taste should turn towards the turf, and before he was out of his teens he had adopted the life of a professional turfman. Shrewd at a bargain, he is said to have made several thousand dollars with the few horses he owned before he had attained his majority. But bad luck came to him soon after and he was soon seen at the gaming-tables. When twenty-two years old he linked his fate as a gambler with an old professional named Morton. He and Morton ran up and down on the Mississippi river steamers, occasionally getting over on the Red river boats, and many adventures befell "Dad" during all those years. Back in 1852 "Dad" came to St. Joseph, then the gateway to the Far West.

The first story told of "Dad" is of a game of poker he had with a man named Edgeton, a "fly" gambler, on the steamer La Belle Creole while on a run to New Orleans. "Dad" was a "square sport." He never stooped to trickery, while the man Edgeton was directly the opposite in his methods of play. There was a big jack-pot, and every one but Edgeton and "Dad" had dropped out. The amount of money in the pot is not stated, but it was sufficient to excite both men. "Dad" had a full hand, and kept raising each raise made by his opponent, who sat opposite to him. There was a call, and "Dad" lay down his hand, while Edgeton dropped four aces on the table, and started to rake in the pot. As he did so, a fifth ace was exposed in his left hand. Quick as a flash "Dad" whipped a revolver from his pocket and, firing, knocked the illegitimate piece of pasteboard from the gambler's hand. Then discharging his Colt's revolver twice in rapid succession, he pierced both of Edgeton's ears with a bullet. The wounded man drew an old-fashioned pistol and fired, the ball grazing "Dad's" brow and injuring him seriously. He reached over the table, and taking the money and chips, put the winnings into his pocket and then fell to the floor of the cabin unconscious.

In 1858, on the Crescent City, a planter named Ross, living near Knoxville, Tenn., was on his way up the river from New Orleans, where he had been selling some of his products. He had with him between $18,000 and $20,000 in cash, and got into a game with "Dad." Ross had been drinking heavily and was in no condition to play the cards. He was reckless and ready to bet his pile on a pair of deuces. But such men were considered the legitimate prey of the river gamblers, and "Dad" was not reluctant in pulling in the shekels of the inebriated planter. In an hour's time "Dad" had every cent of the $20,000, and then Ross realized what he had done. There was no getting the money back. On the steamers money won at poker was as square as money made by the legal sale of property. Ross arose from the table, his eyes bloodshot and his face haggard.

"Well, old man," said he, "you have now every cent I have in the world, and I have a wife, a mother and several children. That money was to pay off the debt on my plantation, but it is gone and they must starve. But you won it square and I'm not kicking. Say good-bye to them for me;" and as he said these last words he put his hand around to his back pocket.

"Dad" and others, divining his intention, sprang forward, but too late. A bullet had crashed through his skull and he sank down on the floor dead. "Dad" had his body taken to an undertaker's at Memphis and accompanied the corpse to the plantation. He attended the funeral, and Bill Harding—an old friend of "Dad's"—says, gave the widow every cent he had won from Ross. Then he went back to Memphis, caught the next boat and continued gaming.

It must have been about this time—1858—that Reagan met the girl that he afterwards made his wife. Like all the other incidents of his life, it was a romantic meeting, courtship, marriage and parting. According to Bill Harding—and Bill is the only sport left who knows the story of "Dad's" life, he met the girl in this way: It was in a house in New Orleans that they first saw each other. She was a French girl—possibly a Creole—and was young and pretty. The night they met was her first night away from home. She could not have been more than twenty years of age, and Bill, who knew her, says he never saw a more modest, timid or beautiful woman in his life.

A man made an improper remark to her and the girl cried out in her shame and mortification. "Dad" sprang forward, and, knocking down the man who had his arms about her, stood to protect her from further insults. The man arose and he and his friends attacked "Dad," and a desperate fight ensued from which Reagan emerged victorious, although suffering from a knife wound. That night he married her, and the next day they boarded a steamer and went up the river. "Dad" idolized her and she worshiped him. On the trip down, however, the parting came. They had a quarrel, and "Dad" cast aspersions regarding her character before he made her his wife. Broken-hearted, she ran to the side of the boat and threw herself into the river. Her body was found floating down the stream. On the fourth finger of the left hand was a plain gold ring, and it is this ring that "Dad," as he lingered between life and death in the hospital, twirled so constantly.

"The biggest game 'Dad' was ever in," said old Bill Harding, "was in St. Louis in 1869, when the old fellow carried away $35,000 in cash and checks and some $14,000 in I O U's and promissory notes. I don't know all about that sitting nor how he struck it so rich, but I do know that it was so. A number of the most prominent men in St. Louis were in the game, one of them named Greene, I believe, who was largely interested in the Granite Mountain Mines and very wealthy. One man, Smithers, I think, was his name, had paid 'Dad' a check for $6,000, and then had gone to the bank early in the morning, and stopped payment on it. When 'Dad' came to cash it, of course it was no good, and 'Dad' was mad. He went around to Smithers's office, and confronting him, tore the check into a hundred pieces and threw them into his face. Then reaching into his vest pocket he extracted five $100 bills, and tossing them on to Smithers' desk, exclaimed: 'Here, my poor man, take these and buy dinner;' and stalked out of the office. Smithers sent the bills back the next day, and 'Dad' gave them to a missionary society in St. Louis."

Back in the fifties "Dad" made St. Joseph his headquarters. It was during the gold fever in California, and of course the city was filled with adventurous spirits. The one hotel—that is, of any pretensions—was the Pacific House, which is still standing, and this is perhaps one of the most famous hotels in the land to-day. On the second floor of the Pacific House "Dad" and a partner, named Cummings—"Deacon" Cummings he was called—ran a gambling joint. Among "Dad's" patrons were two of the most famous characters of early days—the Thompson brothers—Colonel Broaddus Thompson and "Old Jeff" Thompson, or the Fire-Eating Tarantula, as he was often called. Jeff was the man who tore down the stars and stripes from the court-house there in '61, and when hedged in with his regiment by the Yankees wrote orders, like Napoleon, in blank verse and doggerel.

Colonel Broaddus and "Dad" were warm friends. Broaddus would borrow a few dollars from some one who didn't know him well, buy a drink for the crowd and then steer straight for "Dad's" rooms, where the chances were he would lose every cent in a few minutes. It was Broaddus who first sprung the joke that has been attributed to Senator Vest, Senator Stewart and about every living statesman, and will be attributed to future public characters probably. Broaddus had been sitting in a game, lost all he had, and went down into the hotel office. His long beard was of a delicate ecru color, being saturated with tobacco-juice. A friend said to him:

"Colonel, how did you get all that tobacco-juice on your beard?"

"By expectoration, sir; by expectoration."

"And was it necessary to expectorate in your whiskers?"

"Yes, sir, it was.

"Could you not have spit in the cuspadores?"

"No, sir. I did not dare turn my head long enough in that game, sir."

"Dad" was a very nervy man and strong as a lion. In those days there was a notorious character called "Platte Purchase Pete." He was born and raised in this section of Missouri, and was a typical Western terror. He was a terror simply because he had abnormally well-developed vocal organs, and no one dared to dispute his right to the title of reigning terror of St. Joe until he ran up against "Dad." A game was in progress one night and "Platte Purchase Pete" walked into the rooms and began to create a disturbance. The players paid little attention to him, and this irritated Pete. Walking up to "Dad," he reached down and, taking up the pile of chips that stood before the veteran gambler, stepped back a few paces and hurled them at him. "Dad" laid down the cards which he was dealing, and slowly walking up to Pete, grasped him by the back of the neck and ran him towards the window. Lifting the six-foot terror, he opened the window and dropped him out. The fall was probably sixteen feet, and a broken leg was the result. Pete was so mortified by this disgrace that as soon as he recovered from the effects of the fall he started West and never returned.

"Dad" visited Asia, South America and Mexico. In '72 he came back to St. Joseph and proved himself to be worth $95,000. He invested heavily in Kansas and Nebraska lands, but his investments proved disastrous. He tried to found a town in Kansas, but chose a poor site and lost money. In '75 he left again, but came back in '80 and opened a big saloon—the handsomest in the Southwest. He put every cent he had into this place, but it was no go and he was left almost a beggar. Bad luck claimed him then and never relinquished its hold.

When old Daddy died, about the last human relic of the early river days passed away.—N. Y. World.

A Desirable Location.

House-Hunter—I have looked over that house which you recommended so highly, and I find the walls damp, the shutters half off, the drainage out of order, the cellar full of water and the roof leaky.

Agent—Yes, sir, I know the house is in rather bad condition, but think of its advantages—there isn't a piano in that block.—N. Y. Weekly.

Rather a Slow Town.

An event has happened in Kensington, N. H., which has set the inhabitants wild with excitement. The first house to be built in the place for thirty years is approaching completion, and a grand celebration is expected when the inmates take possession.

THE BEST MAN.

How Young Van Bibber Assisted a Boston Lochinvar.

Young Van Bibber came back to town from Newport the other day to see his lawyer about the disposal of some property that needed his sanction. He found the city very hot and dreary and empty.

He had to wait over for an afternoon train, and as he was down-town he decided to lunch at a French restaurant near Washington square, where some one told him you could get particular things particularly well-cooked. The tables were set on a terrace with plants and flowers about them and covered with a tri-colored awning. There were no jangling horse-car bells nor dust to disturb him, and almost all the other tables were unoccupied. The waiters leaned against these tables and chatted in a French argot, and a cool breeze blew through the plants and billowed the awning, so that on the whole Van Bibber was glad he had come.

When he had given his order he leaned back and surveyed the other diners. There was an old Frenchman scolding over his late breakfast, two young artists with Van Dyke beards, who ordered the most remarkable things in the same French argot that the waiters spoke, and a young lady and a young gentleman at the table next to his own. The man's back was toward him, and he could see only the girl when the youth moved to one side. She was very young and very pretty, and she seemed in a most excited state of mind from the tip of her wide-brimmed, pointed French hat to the points of her patent-leather ties. She was strikingly well-bred in appearance, and Van Bibber wondered why she should be dining alone with so young a man.

"It wasn't my fault," said the youth, earnestly; "I'd no idea he would be out of town, and, anyway, it really doesn't matter. There are other clergymen in the city besides your cousin."

"Of course," said the girl, almost tearfully; "but they're not my cousin and he is, and that would have made it so much—oh, so very much different. I'm awfully scared."

"Runaway couple, by Jove!" commented Van Bibber; "most interesting. Read about 'em often; never seen 'em. Most interesting."

He bent his head over an entree, but he could not help hearing what followed, for the young runaways were indifferent to all around them, and though he rattled his knife and fork in a most vulgar manner, they did not hear him nor lower their voices.

"Well, what are you going to do?" said the girl, severely, but not unkindly; "it doesn't seem to me that you are exactly rising to the occasion."

"Well, I don't know," answered the youth; "we're safe here, anyway. Nobody we know ever comes here, and if they did, they are out of town, now. You go on and eat something, and I'll get a directory and look up a lot of clergymen's addresses, and then we can make out a list and drive around in a cab until we find one who has not gone off on his vacation."

"They'll never forgive us," said the girl.

"Oh, well, that's all right," exclaimed the young man, cheerfully; "really, you're the most uncomfortable young woman I ever ran away with. One might think you were going to a funeral. You were willing enough two days ago, and now you're sorry you came."

"No, not sorry, exactly," said the girl; "but, indeed, Ted, it is going to make so much talk. If we only had a girl with us, or if you had a best man, or if we had witnesses, as they do in England, and a parish registry, or something of that sort; or, if Cousin Harold had only been at home to do the marrying."

The young gentleman called Ted did not look, judging from the expression of his shoulders, as if he were having a very good time.

He called the waiter and told him to bring a directory, and as he turned to give the order, Van Bibber recognized him and he recognized Van Bibber. Van Bibber knew him for a very nice boy of very good Boston family named Standish, and the younger of two sons. It was the elder who was Van Bibber's particular friend. The girl saw nothing of this mutual recognition, for she was looking with startled eyes at a hansom that had dashed up the side street and was turning the corner.

"Ted! oh, Ted!" she gasped; "it's your brother. There! In that hansom. I saw him perfectly plainly. Oh, how did he find us? What shall we do?"

Ted grew very red and then very white.

"Standish," said Van Bibber, jumping up and reaching for his hat, "pay this chap for those things, will you, and I'll get rid of your brother."

Van Bibber came down the steps lighted a cigar, as the elder Standish came up them on the jump.

"Hello! Standish!" shouted the New Yorker; "What a coincidence! Why I've just seen your brother, and now here you are. What's up?"

"You've seen him!" cried the Boston man, eagerly; "yes, and where is he? Was she with him? Are they married? Am I in time?"

Van Bibber answered these different questions to the effect that he had seen young Standish and Mrs. Standish not a half-an-hour before, and that they were just then taking a cab for Jersey City, whence they were to depart for Chicago.

"The driver who brought them here and who told me where they were, said they could not have left this place by the time I would reach it," said the elder brother, doubtfully.

"Yes, but they have," said Van Bibber; "however, if you get over to Jersey City in time for the two-thirty, you can reach Chicago almost as soon as they do. They are going to the Palmer House, they said."

"Thank you, old fellow," shouted Standish, jumping back into his hansom; "it's a terrible business. Pair of young fools. Nobody objected to the marriage—only too young, you know. Ever so much obliged."

"Don't mention it," said Van Bibber, tiredly.

"Now, then," said that young man, as he approached the frightened couple on the terrace, "I've sent your brother off to Chicago. I do not know why I selected Chicago as a place where one would go on a honeymoon. But I'm not very good at it. Now, if you will introduce me I'll see what can be done toward getting you two babes out of the woods."

Standish said: "Miss Cambridge, this is Mr. Cortlandt Van Bibber, of whom you have heard my brother speak," and Miss Cambridge said she was very glad to meet Mr. Van Bibber even under such peculiarly trying circumstances.

"Now, what you two want to do," said Van Bibber, addressing them as though they were just about fifteen years old and he was at least forty, "is to give this thing all the publicity you can."

"What?" chorused the two runaways, in violent protest.

"Certainly," said Van Bibber: "you were about to make a fatal mistake. You were about to go to some unknown clergyman, of an unknown parish, who would have married you in a back room without a certificate or a witness, just like any eloping farmer's daughter and a lightning-rod agent. Now, it's different with you two. Why you were not married respectably in church, I don't know; but a kind Providence has sent me to see that there is no talk or scandal, which is such bad form, and which would have got your names in all the society papers. I am going to arrange this wedding properly, and you will kindly remain here until I send a carriage for you. Now, just rely on me and eat your luncheon calmly. Allow me to recommend the salad, which is especially good."

Van Bibber first drove madly to the Little Church Around the Corner, where he told the kind old rector all about it, and arranged to have the church open and the assistant organist in her place, and a district messenger-boy to blow the bellows, at three o'clock. "Now," he said, "I must get some names. It doesn't matter much whether they happen to know the high-contracting parties or not, but they must be names that everybody knows. Whoever is in town will be lunching at Delmonico's and the men will be at the club." So he just went to the big restaurant, where, as good luck would have it, he found Mrs. "Regy" Van Arnt and Mrs. Jack Parrish and the Misses Brookline, who were just off the yacht Minerva, of the Boston Yacht Club, and he swore them to secrecy and told them about it.

At the club he pressed four men into service who knew everybody and whom everybody knew, and when they protested that they had not been properly invited and that they knew only the bride and groom by sight, he told them that made no difference, as it was their names only he wanted. Then he sent a messenger-boy to get the biggest suite of rooms on the Fall River boat and another one for flowers, and then he put Mrs. Regy Van Arnt into a cab and sent her after the bride, and, as best man, he got into another cab and carried off the groom.

"I have acted as best man or usher forty-two times now," said Van Bibber, as they drove to the church, "and this is the first time I ever appeared in either capacity in Russia-leather shoes and a blue-serge yachting suit. But then," he added, contentedly, "I'm nothing to the other fellows. One of them is in a striped-flannel suit."

Mrs. "Regy" and Miss Cambridge wept a great deal on the way up-town, but the bride was all smiles and blushes when she walked up the aisle to meet her prospective husband. They all shook hands after it was over, and the assistant-organist played the "Wedding March," and one of the club-men insisted in pulling a cheerful and jerky peal on the church bell in the absence of the janitor, and then Van Bibber hurled an old shoe and a handful of rice—which he had thoughtfully collected from the cook at the club—after them as they drove off to the boat.

"Now," said Van Bibber, "when that is printed in the papers to-morrow, it will read like one of the most orthodox and swagger weddings of the season. But still I can not help thinking—"

"Well?" said Mrs. "Regy," as he paused doubtfully.

"Well, I can't help thinking," continued Van Bibber, "of Standish racing around Chicago with the thermometer at one hundred and two in the shade, and of our meeting when he gets back. It will be feverish—very feverish. I wish I had sent him to Jersey City only. It just shows that a man who is not practiced in lying should leave it alone."
—N. Y. Sun.

FOR ENGAGED GIRLS.

A Wise Woman Tells Them How to Treat Their Future Husbands.

You have a little band around the third finger of your left hand in which is set a turquoise, says the Ladies' Home Journal, and when it was put there you remembered that the Hindu said: "He who hath a turquoise hath a friend." Now, that's what you have in the man you love best, and whose wife you are going to become—a friend. He is your sweetheart, your lover, it is true, but because to you his heart seems best worth having, his love the richest gift you can possess, you will not vulgarize, as many girls do, the tie that binds. It is true you go with him alone to hear some wonderful music, or look at some fine pictures, but I hope it is not true that when you are at a party, or in your own home, you two pair off and make yourselves the objects for silly chatter and idiotic jesting.

He can love you with his whole heart, but he must not make you subject to ridicule. He can think you the most unselfish girl in the world, but he must not show his own selfishness by expecting you to devote your evenings exclusively to him, ignoring those who are at home. Let him come and be one of them—there's a dear five minutes when he can speak to you, when he can kiss you on the lips that he knows are only the gates to sweet, pure speech, and when he can whisper the lovely nothings that mean so much to you both. Then, too, don't let him feel that he must give up all his friends for you; don't accept valuable presents from him, and don't assume an air of proprietorship with him. Tell him nothing about your family affairs, for the secrets of the household do not even belong to the man you are going to marry. Guard yourself in word and deed; hold his love in the best way possible; tie it firmly to you with the blue ribbon of hope, and never let it be eaten away by that little fox who destroys so many loving ties and who is called familiarity.

Breach of Hygienic Laws.

Hawold—You look all bwoke up, Cholly. By Jove, what ails you, deah boy?

Cholly—Tewible accident, Hawold. Arfter doing my toilet larst night, forgot to put on my finger wing again, and so caught a twemendous cold.—Jewelers' Circular.

"THEY SAY."

Who are the vague, mysterious "They"
Who always have so much to "say"
Of you and me and every one,
And every thing that's said or done?
Wherever human souls abound
There "They" are certain to be found,
And be as careful as we may
There's no escaping their "They say."

"They say"—they really do not know—
"It's rumored Mr. So-and-so
Is soon to wed Miss What's-her-name"—
No one knows whence the rumor came.
"They" slyly whisper this and that,
Of your and my affairs "They" chat
And keep us busy day by day
Refuting silly things "They say."

"They say" that nearly every one
Has something wrought or left undone
That's "really shocking, yet you know
You must not say who told you so."
"They" intimate such awful things
And give to lies such airy wings
That truth itself is led astray
That backbites to the words "They say."

"They say"—Who says it? Let them dare
Their personality declare,
Nor let them longer sly seek
To hide the words they dare to speak.
Why should they parentage refuse
To words which they have put to use?
With whispered rumors let's away
Nor lend an ear to what "They say."
—Chicago Herald.

A NIGHT OF DANGER.

Thrilling Adventure of a Traveler in a Southern Forest.

There was no longer any reasonable doubt but that I was lost.

All that day I had been tramping through a wild and almost unbroken forest, in one of our Southwestern States.

Since morning, I had not seen more than a half-dozen human habitations, and they were of the poorest and rudest description, hardly fit for the abode of a wild animal.

Since the middle of the afternoon, the forest had been unbroken on either side, so thickly matted with trees and vines that the eye could not penetrate a dozen feet into the gloomy shadows.

All there was to show that a human being had ever been that way before was the apology for a road that I was pursuing. If there has ever been any travel upon it, there was little sign now that such had been the case. Bushes had grown up where the ruts might have been, and in many places the stout vines had crept around, so that one had to keep a constant lookout to prevent himself from being tripped up by them.

Now and then, in the thickest portion of the forest, it was almost impossible to keep what, in fact, was hardly more than a trail. Here it would seem to branch either to the right or left, but up to nightfall I flattered myself that I had not gone astray. But now I had grave reason to be worried.

At the cabin where I had passed the previous night, I had been told that I should come to another by the middle of the afternoon, or a little later, providing I made good time. But now night was close upon me, and the habitation I had been looking for at every turn had failed to materialize.

The prospect of a night alone in the dismal forest was not pleasant to contemplate. I knew that in the dismal depths about me, outlaws, moonshiners and cut-throats had their refuge, and I did not relish the idea of meeting them at any time, much less of encountering them in the darkness.

It had begun to grow dark about me, when I came to a point in the way which puzzled me. The road forked again, and for the life of me I could not determine which to take, the right or left.

As many had done before me, I let chance decide the matter. Setting a stick upright, I removed my hand, and let it fall in the direction it would. It fell to the left, and so I took that way.

I hurried onward now as fast as I could. I wanted to make use of what daylight still remained, and get to the cabin where I was to pass the night before it became so dark that traveling would be impossible. But my haste amounted to nothing. A darkness which could almost be felt closed in about me, and I felt a certainty that I must be lost. The cabin I expected to find had not appeared, and of its existence I had no reason to doubt. The people where I had passed the previous night could have had no motive in deceiving me.

Stumbling along in the darkness, trying to make up my mind to face the inevitable, that of passing the night out of doors, I suddenly tripped over something which lay across the path, and went headlong over it to the ground. Mingled with the shock of striking the earth was a thrill of fear, coupled with astonishment. I did not get upon my feet at once, but sitting up, I reached out toward the obstruction over which I had tripped. A thrill of horror ran through my frame as my hand touched it. It was the body of a man.

I sprang to my feet, while I could feel the hair rising upon my head. Had the body been stiff and cold, my fright would not have been so bad. By chance I had placed my hand upon its face, and I felt there was the warmth of life still in it. This was not all. It was wet, and the moisture stuck to my hands. Although I could not see, I felt sure that it was blood that was sticking to them. An accident had occurred, or a murder had been committed, within a few minutes of my coming.

With trembling hands I sought for a match, and when I found one, I struck it and glanced down at the object before me. It was the body of a man, its face so covered with blood that its features were not discernible. The match went out and I was alone again in the darkness, with the body of the murdered man lying at my feet.

I lighted two or three matches at once, but their light only revealed to me what I had already seen. What could I do? The thought of remaining by the side of the dead man until morning I could not entertain for a moment. I must go on until a considerable distance, at least, was placed between it and me. This I lost no time in doing. As fast as my feet would carry me, I hurried on, half unmindful if I was keeping the trail or not.

For something like half an hour I pushed onward, and then came suddenly to a standstill.

On before me a light was glimmering through the trees; but I was uncertain whether it came from a fire or a will-o'-the-wisp flitting through the tangled mazes of the forest. But I would not be long kept in suspense. Any company was better than the dead man lying in the road behind me. As I came near, the outlines of a cabin disclosed itself, and out through the single window the light was gleaming.

I thanked my stars for this; without doubt it was the cabin to which I had been directed that morning; and I had stumbled as it were upon it by accident. The thought of finding those who had a hand in the death of the man I had left in the road did not occur to me, and walking up to the door, I gave a loud rap thereon. Some one commenced to move about. The light was taken from the window, and, a little later, the door was thrown open, and a woman stood before me. She was not very prepossessing, and there was a scared look upon her face, as she said:

"Who are you, and what do you want here?"

"I am a stranger traveling through the country on business. This morning I was told I should find a cabin hereabouts, where I could get entertainment for the night."

"You had better go away. This is no place for an honest man. They may be back soon, and your life will be in danger."

She would have closed the door, but I raised my hand to prevent it. At that moment she uttered a cry of terror.

"What is it?" I said.

"Murderer! Look at your hands," she cried.

I held them up. They were covered with blood which I had got upon them while feeling in the dark to find what it was that lay across the road. The blood of the murdered man.

The next moment she had slammed the door in my face, and then I heard her secure it with heavy bars.

A man could hardly find himself in a more forlorn condition than that I was now in. No road which a man could follow before him; a dead man lying in the forest behind, and a band of cut-throats liable at any moment to put in their appearance at the cabin.

The sound of running water put me in mind that there was a chance for me to wash the blood from my hands. Guided by the sound, I passed around the cabin to the spot where, doubtless, its inmates got their water. Here I proceeded to give them a good washing, although in the darkness I could not tell whether I had removed all the stains. I was about to move away from the spot, when I was startled by the sound of voices hardly a dozen yards away. Listening, I caught the words uttered as they drew nearer:

"Let him lie there and rot. An above-ground grave is good enough for a dog of a spy."

Doubtless he was speaking of the man over whose body I had stumbled.

"But some one may find it, and so get us into trouble," said another.

"There is little chance of that. No one hardly ever comes this way now."

"You forget that there is a stranger somewhere near here now. We have got to see that he don't get out of here alive."

My blood ran cold. Of course he could mean no one except myself.

"Yes, he has seen too much already. If he came along the road he must have run across the dead man. Who knows but what he may be in the cabin now? He would want a shelter for the night, and the light in the window might bring him here."

They had reached the doorway now, and one of them demanded admittance. The door opened, and they went in, closing it behind them. Now was the time for me to make my escape. A minute later they might learn of the woman that I must be somewhere near at hand. Almost holding my breath, and moving so that not a dry leaf rustled beneath my feet, I crept away into the darkness, going I knew not whither.

To my dying day I shall not forget that night in the forest. Morning found me more dead than alive; but to my great joy it was on the edge of a considerable town.

I at once sought out the authorities, and told them the story of my night's adventure. They knew of the whereabouts of the cabin, and had long suspected it to be the home of a gang of robbers and moonshiners. When they got there, they found it empty. Taking alarm at my escape, fearing that I had learned too much, they had fled to new quarters for safety.

The body of the murdered man was brought in and buried. Who he was was never known to a certainty, but it was suspected that he was some one who was trying to earn the reward offered for a clew to the gang of moonshiners by whom he had lost his life.

A few years afterwards, I heard that they had been caught and had paid the penalty of their crimes at the halter's end.

Every now and then that night of danger comes vividly to my mind, and I reverently thank Providence, who carried me safely through.—Arthur L. Meserve, in Yankee Blade.

Sawdust.

Little Daisy Parks (on her first visit to her country uncle)—Oh, mamma, what a lovely place! Look at that splendid wide field full of beautiful flowers.

"No, child, that is common white weed."

"But just see the piles of great, big, yellow oranges lying in the grass."

"No, dear, those are pumpkins."

"Well, then, look at the trees full of lovely ripe cherries."

"Those are nothing but red leaves, my pet."

Daisy (with tears in her eyes)—Mamma, you look at the mean side of every thing. Next thing, you'll be saying Uncle George is not Uncle George at all; but some horrid old tramp.—Puck.

Phonographs in Post-Offices.

The Mexican Post-Office Department is about to adopt a novel device. A phonograph is to be placed in each principal office in the country for the accommodation of the numerous citizens who can not read or write. The illiterate Mexican will go to the post-office, talk his message into the receiver of the phonograph, and when the cylinder reaches its destination the person addressed will be sent for and the message will be repeated to him by another machine.

Discovered.

Burglar (soliloquizing)—Well, I guess that's all I can get here.

Waiter (talking in his sleep)—Haven't you forgotten something, sir?

(Exit burglar—sans and all.)—Life.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - OCT. 17, 1890.

Democratic State Ticket.

For Governor,
ROBERT E. PATTISON, of Philadelphia.
For Lieutenant Governor,
CHAUNCEY F. BLACK, of York.
For Secretary of Internal Affairs,
WILLIAM H. BARCLAY, of Allegheny.

Democratic County Ticket.

For Congress,
THOMAS H. GREEVY,
Subject to the decision of Democratic conference.
For Assembly,
M. FITZHARRIS, of Gallitzin.
EDWARD T. McNEELIS, of Johnstown.
For Treasurer,
CHARLES J. MAYER, of Johnstown.
For Commissioners,
PATRICK E. DILLON, of Elder Twp.
JOHN KIRBY, of Johnstown.
For Auditors,
WILLIAM C. BERRY, of Wilmore.
JOSEPH HIPPS, of Chest Twp.
For Poor House Director,
S. W. MILLER, of Johnstown.

EX SENATOR WALLACE has returned from Europe and entered upon the campaign for Pattison.

THE only son of Colonel Charles Crocker of San Francisco fell over the banister in his father's house last Sunday and was killed. He was heir to $15,000,000.

AT the Berks county fair Mr. Delamater said the farmer has been taxed too heavily. Who taxed him? Will the farmer continue to lick the hand that smites him?

THE Philadelphia *Times* says "there is no duty on foreign skilled labor and American workmen will find ere long that though it is admitted free they will have to pay for it."

THE police census of New York city was completed on Tuesday afternoon. It shows New York city's population to be 1,710,715 an increase of 197,214 over the census taken by the Government.

HON. WAYNE McVEAGH, the eminent lawyer of Philadelphia, Attorney General under President Garfield, and a brother-in-law of Senator Don Cameron, has declared his intention to support Pattison for Governor.

THERE is not a man in the United States who has a dollar to spend and spends it in any legitimate fashion for the actual necessaries of life who is not at this moment finding existence more expensive by reason of the McKinley tariff.

EX-GOV. PATTISON and the State candidates, accompanied by Hon. William A. Wallace, are making a speaking tour of the anthracite coal regions this week. Their receptions are of a very enthusiastic character at all points.

FRIDAY, October 24, has been designated as Autumnal Arbor Day, to be observed by the schools of Pennsylvania. Many of the schools are closed before the April Arbor Day proclaimed by Governor Beaver and hence the Autumnal.

GENERAL WILLIAM WORTH BELKNAP, who was Secretary of war under President Grant was found dead in his room in Washington City on Monday morning. The deceased was 62 years of age and his death was caused by heart failure.

AN exchange, in speaking of Republican financiering, says: "The treasury comes to the relief of men who gamble in stocks and bet on crops, while Congress heaps more taxes on the men who pay for the transportation and those who raise and consume the crops."

SHIRLEYSBURG GRANGE, No. 119, one of the strongest organizations of the kind in Huntingdon county, and composed largely of Republicans, Friday, adopted a resolution asking all farmers to support Pattison owing to Delamater's action in opposing the grange tax bill.

CHAIRMAN KERR, of the Democratic State committee sent a letter to Chairman Andrews, of the Republican State committee, September 30th last, proposing, in the line of ballot reform, that the State ticket be printed in the same style of type. Andrews has made no reply.

WILLIAM H. DILL, of Clearfield, has been appointed one of the three commissioners to visit the Warm Spring Indian reservation in Oregon and report on the proper location of the northern line of that reservation, and to negotiate with the Indians for a part of that reservation.

IN Europe the people are taxed to support the nobility. In this country the people are taxed to support a certain class of manufacturers. Both are living off the earnings of other people, wrung from them in the shape of taxes and both are equally impositions on the people who are compelled to support them.

J. DONALD CAMERON, the senior United States Senator from this State has contributed $100,000 to the Republican campaign fund. The only ray of hope for the Monopoly party is in their unlimited command of boodle with which they expect to corrupt the people and purchase the election of their candidate for Governor.

THE McKinley tariff has gone into effect and already the consumer is feeling its effects by paying higher prices for a number of articles that come into daily use. The wages of the workingmen, however, are not on the upward tendency, and shut downs are already talked of to prevent over-production in a number of industries.

THE election of Robert E. Pattison to be the next Governor of Pennsylvania, is an assured fact if the Democracy of the State poll their vote. Enough independent Republicans have declared their intention to cast off the Quay collar at the coming election, by voting the Democratic ticket, to overcome the natural Republican majority. The hand writing is on the wall for the defeat of Delamater, and every indication of the political barometer points unerringly to the success of the Democratic ticket. If the Democratic vote throughout the State is polled, and we believe it will be, the domination of Quay in Pennsylvania, is at an end and the corruption that has long ruled and been a reproach to the State will be trampled under foot. It will not be accomplished, however, without an effort. Quay will not go down until every means known to political cunning and trickery has been used and failed. Money without end will be used, principally in the cities, to accomplish the debauchery of the people, but we have faith in the watchfulness and organization of the Democracy and believe that all his schemes will fail; that the honest voice of the people will prevail and Pattison be triumphantly elected.

From now until election day it should be the duty of every Democrat to use his utmost energy in urging those who are careless about voting to go to the polls. See to it in time that the aged and infirm are provided with transportation on election day and urge upon those who are in the habit of staying at home, the importance of the present election. Let every Democratic vote in Cambria county be polled that her people may feel an honest pride in Pattison's election.

GOVERNOR PATTISON addressed ten thousand people at the Bucks county fair recently, and was heartily cheered by the vast crowd. In the course of his remarks he said: "We need have no fear of any election where the people exercise intelligence. I appeal for the exercise of that principle in the coming election. The farmers of this State, who compose one-third of the voting population, have the power to correct the evils in legislation. There was a time when their voice was heard in the halls of legislation, but they have been crowded out. I appeal to you fellow citizens, farmers, soldiers, mechanics, to exercise your intelligence and manhood in the coming election, and I shall have no fear of the result."

JUSTICE MILLER, of the United States Supreme Court, died at his home in Washington city, on Monday night without a struggle, and, apparently, without pain. Besides Mrs. Miller and her son Irvine, there were present Dr. Cook, J. W. Woodworth, an old friend of Justice Miller, who had just arrived from Omaha, the family servants and Chief Clerk McKenney, of the Supreme Court. Justice Miller was stricken with appoplexy on Friday evening while getting out of his carriage and his death was expected. His remains will be taken to Keokuk, Iowa for interment.

THE young man who took his half-dollar to the store a few days ago to buy a box of cartridges, intending to hunt for squirrels, was surprised to find that cartridges had advanced to sixty-five cents per box. On being told that the extra fifteen cents was put on to reimburse the contributors to the fund raised to elect Harrison and put the saintly John Wanamaker in the cabinet, he could not understand it. The tariff is a great blessing to those who are gobbling up the extra fifteen cents, but it is an imposition on the boy who has to pay it.

IT is but just to Governor Pattison to say that he has made a good Governor; that he has discharged his duties faithfully and fearlessly, and that he retires from the high office with the respect and confidence of his fellow citizens of all parties. He has made some mistakes, it is true; but on the whole he has given us one of the best administrations we have ever had, and has at all times acted from conscientious motives, and with the best interests of the public at heart.—*Pittsburg Gazette, Jan. 18, 1887.*

AT the Democratic meeting in Johnstown, on Thursday night of last week, fully 10,000 people turned out to hear Governor Pattison discuss the issues of the campaign. The reception accorded to Ex-Governor Pattison everywhere throughout the State is an evidence of his popularity as a candidate and that the people will endorse the purity of his former administration by electing him again.

THE Allentown *Democrat*, says: What the Republicans fear the most is the record of their candidate and his sponsor, Quay. They are badly frightened over the report that the Democrats propose making free use of the printing press this campaign, flooding the State with the exposures of Quay's boodle raids on the State Treasury and Delamater's connection with the Standard Oil Company.

GOVERNOR HILL, of New York, said in a speech at the Niagara County Fair: "Many thoughtful men and political economists are convinced that the great obstacle or impediment to the betterment of the condition of the average farmer may be traced to the burdens imposed in the shape of excessive tariff duties upon nearly everything which he needs to buy."

TWENTY-ONE Chinese were arraigned at Seattle, Wash., Thursday in the United States district court on the charge of being illegally in the United States. They were arrested on a sloop at Port Townsend two weeks ago. The judge ordered them returned to Victoria, B. C.

FRICK to Pattison: Will you call out the State Militia to aid us in quelling the strike? H. C. FRICK.

Pattison to Frick: Pay your men fair wages and you won't need the militia.

ROBERT E. PATTISON, Governor.

A Correct Picture.

The induction of ex-Chairman Thomas Valentine Cooper into the management of the Republican State Campaign, and the simultaneous retirement of Chairman Andrews to the tail end of the outfit is explained. The recent visit of Senator Cameron and the contribution of $100,000 accounts for it all.

Senator Cameron knows Quay and Andrews well, but strangely enough, he doesn't trust them. At the beginning of the campaign it was understood that the Standard Oil Company would supply all the money needed. But Quay and Andrews are extravagant and the Standard people got tired. Then Cameron was appealed to.

There is nothing small about Senator Cameron except his hands and feet; but he is a particular fellow. He was willing to contribute freely, and even on a princely scale, but on conditions. He has doubts of Quay and suspicions of Andrews. Their interests are not mutual. Quay wants to elect Delamater to vindicate himself, and there is no sacrifice too great to accomplish that result. Andrews is of the same mind, though it is whispered that he draws the sacrificial line at the Senatorial seat for Crawford county. Cameron wants to elect Delamater, but he is anxious to carry the Legislature, and wouldn't mind the sacrifice of a county or two on the State ticket in order to secure a safe majority in the General Assembly.

When Don was asked for a contribution he didn't say nay, but he did say that he had doubts of Quay and Andrews and would contribute only on condition that one of his own friends should have the disbursement of the fund. The conditions were humiliating to Quay and Andrews, but necessity knows no law, and they had to yield. Accordingly Thomas V. Cooper was called to the chair and Cameron's check left in his hands to be used for the party incidentally, but for the legislative districts primarily.

This is the present aspect of the Republican campaign. Cooper is the representative of Cameron brought in to prevent Quay and Andrews from bagging the boodle. It isn't a beautiful picture, but it's a correct one.—*Phila. Herald.*

A Thief's Speech.

PITTSBURG, October 12.—"Guilty" was the verdict brought in by the jury in the case of Owen McNally, charged with stealing, and the prisoner, a good looking fellow, with some education and a persuasive tongue, made a remarkable speech, denying that he was a kleptomaniac, which his counsel had attempted to prove. He said:

"I have never stolen from impulse, and I would rather serve the balance of my life in the penitentiary than have anybody believe that I inherited an impulse to theft from either of my parents, for two more honest souls were never in existence. I learned to steal by habit, beginning in a small way when I was a child. Unfortunately I was sent to the reform school, where I first learned the fine art of larceny at 12 years of age.

"Before I was very old I was sent to the workhouse. There I learned every species of vileness and crime. I proved the value of the instruction by being committed shortly afterward to the penitentiary. It is unnecessary to speak of the influence of the life there upon a prisoner. Nevertheless, when I came to be released I had resolved to reform. I went out in the open air with a lofty ideal in my skull, and immediately set about to obtain employment with a view to making an honest living.

"I had while serving my sentence, learned the trade of shoemaking. I went from place to place asking for work. I was willing to do anything, so long as it was honorable. But everywhere I was refused. Some shoemakers were on the very point of taking me, when they asked me where I had learned my trade. When I told them at the penitentiary they ordered me off. I left the country and got work in Chicago, but lost my place when they found out where I had been. Then I had to steal again to keep from starving."

Judge White sentenced him to eight years in the penitentiary.

Delamater and Rutan.

Mr. Delamater keeps on denying. In his speech at Bradford he denied the incupations in the letter written by Senator Rutan to Banker Dick, of Meadville, charging him (Delamater) with selling out to the Standard Oil Company for $65,000. In reply to this Senator Rutan has sent the following scathing letter printed in the Pittsburg *Times*.

To the Editor of the *Times*:

Senator Delamater is reported as stating at Bradford last night that I am not responsible for the statements contained in my letter to Colonel Dick. His statement is false, as he well knows. I am responsible in every way for the words contained in that letter. Every line and word written is true, and I challenge him to put me to the proof. The letter, though confidential, bears evidence of honesty and good sense, and therefore needs no explanation.

I served with Delamater's father in the Senate for three years, and, as everyone knew he paid $30,000 for his seat in order to defeat George K. Anderson. I was Speaker of the Senate during his term, and, as every member of the Senate knows, always cast the mantle of charity over his weakness. His son has the effrontery now to ask charity for me, well knowing how easily and completely I can pierce his armor.

I have his own letters to prove that he is a demagogue, a falsifier and the holder of stolen goods. I sincerely hope he will prosecute me for libel in order to enable me to justify myself. His organized body of liars and thieves cannot in the end shield him from the punishment he so richly invites. My thirty years' service for his maker will not prevent me from telling the whole truth, now that he has forced the way.

J. S. RUTAN.

Washington, Oct. 10.

A Political Prospect.

The Republicans keep up their courage by claiming from 20,000 to 25,000 majority for Delamater in this city. Most of them don't expect 15,000; many don't expect 10,000, and there are not a few who fear that he may not have 5,000. The highest Democratic concession to Delamater in Philadelphia is 10,000; many put it at 5,000 and they are not scarce who expect Pattison to carry the city over Delamater. It seems reasonably safe to assume that Pattison will equal or exceed Cleveland's last vote of 93,000, and there must be unexpected success of machine methods if Delamater can exceed 100,000. The tide is to-day clearly with Pattison in both city and State, and if Delamater keeps on the stump and blunders and frivols along for three weeks more as he has done for a month past, both city and State will pile up majorities against him.—*Phila. Times.*

The First Step.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, cant' think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wander what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into nervous prostration. You need a nerve tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healtey condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and alternative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the Liver and Kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle Hrice 50c. at E. James, Ebensburg and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Shot by Burglars.

WASHINGTON, Pa., October 11.—Mrs. Elizabeth Saunders, widow of a veteran of the late war, keeps a toll gate on the plank road, five miles from town. She was alone with one young son in a little frame cottage by the roadside. Last evening at 7:30 o'clock it was dark, and the heavy rain of an hour before had made travelers scarce. At that hour Mrs. Saunders heard a knock at the door, and when she opened it she saw the figures of two men, one tall, with a black beard, and the other short and stout and with a smooth, round face. They wore masks. The tall man flashed the muzzle of a revolver into the woman's face and demanded her money. She declared that she had no money, and offered to show the men through the house. They accepted her invitation and entered the house. Calmly walking to the bureau she threw open the top drawer and quietly tossed up the contents with her fingers, in an apparently careless manner. The men looked on fiercely and cursed her. Suddenly she turned toward the big man and before he could recover from his astonishment fired a shot at him. She had gotten her hand upon a revolver in the drawer and knew how to use it. With an oath, the big man struck with his fists at the delicate woman and opened fire. After a dozen shots were exchanged, of which the plucky woman fired three, the men retreated through the door and left their victim lying in her own blood. The shots attracted the attention of her son, who was in an adjoining field. He found his mother bruised about the face and unconscious. He summoned the neighbors, and they procured physicians. It was then ascertained that Mrs. Saunders had been shot through the abdomen and that the wound was probably fatal. She rallied, however, and was able to give in a whisper a description of the highwaymen and the story of her encounter. On Sunday evening, Mrs. Saunders died. Rush Durr and George E. Testers have been arrested for the crime.

Why Agitate?

"The Senate is surely Republican for six years to come," says the organs of that party, "therefore what is the sense in continuing the agitation of the Tariff question? What the country wants is rest."

The idea that this nation is to accept without question a Tariff which advances taxation 50 per cent. above the war rates and was framed and passed by a combination of corrupt politicians and greedy monopolists, is simply preposterous. The seeds of agitation are in the law. Protest will come from the people every time an extortionate tax is paid. In a republic there can be no repose under injustice.

Nor is the agitation hopeless. Upon this question the Republican grip on the Senate is by no means secure. Three western Senators of that party voted against the bill in spite of such efforts at whipping-in as have rarely been felt in Congress before. At least half a dozen other Senators of that party voted against their own convictions and the avowed interests and wishes of their constituents. The loss of the House and of half a dozen States on this issue would quickly bring the Republican leaders to their senses and secure a mitigation of this new "Tariff of Abominations."

Thy American people will never make peace with oppression nor purchase quiet with acquiescence in robbery.—*N. Y. World.*

A Hotel in Flames.

SYRACUSE, N. Y. October 16.—One of the most disastrous fires that has visited Syracuse for many years was discovered in the Leland hotel at 12.30 o'clock this morning. It is now 2 o'clock and the fire is still burning fiercely, although the entire fire department, consisting of nine engines, are working hard to save further loss of life and limb. An eye witness of the fire says it is certain that at least twenty-five persons have lost their lives and many others have been more or less injured.

One woman was being lowered from a window by the aid of a rope. She had reached a point opposite the third story when the rope became ignited from a burning sill, parted, and the woman fell to the pavement, her brains being dashed out. Her body flattened into a shapeless mass. So great is the confusion and excitement that the identity of those killed and injured is wholly unknown.

But One Course Left Open to Him.

Senator Rutan has thus made the issue between himself and Mr. Delamater a direct one. The latter cannot escape from it. Mr. Rutan asserts that he holds letters written by Delamater, by which he can prove the Republican candidate to be "a demagogue, a falsifier and the holder of stolen goods." Mr. Delamater, if he desires to preserve his manhood, should lose no time in calling the Allegheny county man to account. His failure to do so will be an admission of Mr. Rutan's claims and a practical acknowledgment of the truth of the charges against him. There is only one course open for him and that is to prosecute the author of the letters for libel. It will not do for him to say that he cannot obtain justice. An assertion of that kind is an admission of the weakness of his position. The people are anxious to hear what the Republican candidate has to say concerning the serious charges brought against him. Will he still remain silent?—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

A 4,000 Pound Cheese.

At the cheese factory in East Otto last Thursday there was put in the hoop the biggest cheese ever made in this region, and probably the largest ever made in the United States. It measures five feet in diameter and is thirty-nine inches high. Its weight when cured will be four thousand pounds, and fully thirty-eight thousand pounds, of milk was used in its manufacture. The abundant pasturage made the September milk unusually rich, so this huge cheese is expected to be of prime quality. About four weeks will be required to cure it thoroughly. This record breaker was made for a grocery house of Cincinnati who are about to occupy a new building. It is wanted as an attraction for the opening.

IN speaking of Senator Rutan's charges against Candidate Delamater and his challenge to the latter, the New York *Herald* says: "This is strong language but there is nothing to fear. Delamater will not resent it. He has an uncommon amount of resignation, and is a non-combatant, not so much through principle as through timidity. The merest rag picker in the streets will return blow for blow, but the candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania has too much caution to give his enemy a chance to prove his charges.

The New Discovery.

You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any throat, lung or chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed everytime, or money refunded. Trial bottles free at the drug stores of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—A counterfeit dime heavily plated with pure silver on a body of German silver has appeared in Goshen, Ind. It is dated 1889.

—The Dupont Powder Mill, at Bloomsburg, blew up on Saturday. Fred Gruber, an employe, was badly injured. The loss was $5,600.

—Relic sellers at Gettysburg are said to import wagon loads of junk from Southern battle fields and sell them for Gettysburg battle relics.

—While trying to catch a pet dog, Mrs. Emiline Trate was knocked down and killed by an East-Penn engine at Temple Station, near Reading.

—The winning candidate for Clerk in a Kentucky county died just before the polls closed on election day. His competitor now claims the office.

—Justices of the Peace were first appointed in England by Edward III, in the year 1327, and in 1360-1 they were empowered to try felonies, while their wages were fixed by Richard II, in 1389.

—Steps have been taken to establish in St. Petersburg a society for the insurance of crops against climatic mishaps. The Agricultural Society of the metropolis has initiated the movement.

—St. Louis claims to manufacture more wagons than any other city in the country. The entire South and Southwest are supplied from this point, while fancy wagons and carriages are shipped to Europe and Australia.

—Gas from Colestock & Co.'s well near Butler ignited from the boiler fire, exploded, and horribly burned William Bixler and Tool-Dresser Young. James McElhanney was killed by a falling board in his Barnhardt well.

—A young locomotive engineer on the Southern Pacific Railroad is the son of a millionaire of Terre Haute, Ind. The son voluntarily chose his present life on account of a quarrel with his father. The family is trying to induce him to return.

—It is reported from Rome that there are alarming fissures in the dome of St. Peter's. About a century ago a similar state of things was remedied by encircling the dome with a strong band of metal. The band was heated and its contraction on scolling was found sufficient to close up the cracks.

—About three years ago seven men in Perry, Ga., paid $1 each to start a savings bank. The bank is now operated under a State charter, is located in a building owned by its stockholders, and during the last 12 months over $250,000 of a business was transacted through its cashier.

—A man died in St. Paul the other day, leaving a fortune of $4,000,000. The will directed its division among his wife and children, except one wayward son, who is $50,000 in debt. The beneficiaries destroyed the will, allowing the young man to receive his share of the property.

—Mr. Murray, of the Pittsburg mine, near Grass Valley, split open a large log the other day. He found a muzzle-loading shotgun that appeared to be all right, but when he tried to pull it from the hole the stock crumbled to pieces. The barrels are of fine make and the gun was evidently stolen and hidden many years ago.

—A boy at Plainfield, N. J., was attacked by a large eagle and severely lacerated about the chest one day recently. Although much frightened he grasped the bird and choked it, and throwing it on the ground broke its wing by jumping on it. The eagle was then secured alive and afterward exhibited in a store window.

—Mrs Catharine Sullivan, of Springfied, Ohio, is crazy as a loon on religion and has been sitting up right along nearly every night reading the Bible and losing sleep. On Thursday night she fixed up an altar to sacrafice her little son, whom she had prepared after the style of Abraham and Isaac. While hunting for a butcher knife relatives found her and prevented the sacrifice.

—Alexander Bartleson and his son squatted on a claim near Republic, Wis., which was claimed by a man named Nellis. There was frequent quarrels between the two and the latter had often threatened Bartleson's life. It had evidently been carried into execution, as a party of prospectors, coming by chance upon the cabin, found both father and son murdered. Nellis has disappeared.

—Dr. C. W. Banks, of Derry Station, is the possessor of an intelligent dog, said to be a survivor of the Johnstown flood. The animal is kept at Livermore, and one day recently decided to pay a visit to some canine friends at Blairsville. He boarded the train at the depot and in due time arrived at his destination. Concluding his visit, the dog trotted down to the depot, got on the first train and reached Livermore in time for supper.

—The new automatic machine now used for stamping in the New York postoffice will cancel, postmark, count and stack the letters and postal cards at the rate of 25,000 per hour. The machine is driven by an electric moter, but it can be run with foot power like a small printing press. A short time ago it cancelled, postmarked, counted and stacked 46,480 letters and postal cards, of which 21,000 were letters, in two hours and two minutes.

—William Shuman, a printer on the Muncie *Times*, at Muncie, Ind., lay down on the Big Four track near Salina, and was decapitated by a freight train. He took off his coat, vest and hat, rolled up his sleeves, threw himself outside the track with his neck on the rail and held his head so that it would pass under the pilot. He leaves a wife and eight children in destitute circumstances. He was driven insane by setting up the discription of a murder case.

—Four years ago, Miss Lena Woodward living on Thorn Creek, Wash., sowed the seed from one head of barley. She harvested the crop with a pair of shears, and sowed the amount received the next year, again harvesting it with her shears. The third crop her father cut with a grass scythe getting enough barley from this crop to sow 40 acres last spring, which averaged 40 bushels to the acre when threshed, making a total yield of 1,600 bushels from one head of barley in four years.

—A remarkable case came to the notice of the police of Brooklyn, N. Y., on Thursday night. A man giving his name as William Pryor was found on the street covered with tar and feathers which he alleged were placed upon him by two unknown men who knocked him down, chloroformed him and conveyed him, while unconscious, to a distant place, where they gave him a coat of tar and feathers. The story proved false, and it was discovered that Pryor had an ambition to figure as a "freak" in some museum, and got two friends to apply the coat. The friends were arrested and remanded.

—One of the most exciting fires that has occured in Pittsburg for a number of years was discovered about five o'clock on Friday afternoon in a building near the corner of Tenth and Liberty streets. About fifty girls in an upper floor of the building became panic stricken; firemen were injured and overcome by smoke; Chief Evans fell from a ladder and was nearly killed, and other incidents tended to make it an unusual occurrence. The building which was on fire is a four-story one located on Liberty street, near Tenth street, occupied jointly by Dean & Niebaum, flour merchants and wholesale grocers, and D. J. Rex & Co., paper box manufacturers. The loss was heavy and largely caused by water.

AT EBENSBURG!

ALL WEEK. ALL WEEK.

From Monday, Oct. 27th, till Saturday, Nov. 1st.

Don't Forget the Days and Dates.

WOOLFS'

GREAT CLOTHING SHOW.

For one week commencing Monday, October 29th, Tudor's High Street store room, formerly known as the "New Plan Store." Here we will show the largest and most varied stock of Fine and Medium Grade Men's and Boys' Clothing ever exhibited in this county.

Our Mr. Reynolds will represent us in Ebensburg and would be pleased to have all his old as well as many new friends visit him.

Our Prices This Season Have Been Forced Down to the Very Lowest Notch.

If you value your money and personal appearance, by all means wait for us. Remember the dates, week after next,

OCT. 27TH TO NOV. 1ST.

L. M. WOOLF & SON,

JOHNSTOWN'S POPULAR

MEN'S AND BOYS' OUTFITTERS.

CARL RIVINIUS,

—PRACTICAL—

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

—AND DEALER IN—

Watches, Clocks

—JEWELRY,—

Silverware, Musical Instruments

—AND—

Optical Goods.

Sole Agent

—FOR THE—

Celebrated Rockford WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches.
In Key and Stem Winders.

LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KIND of JEWELRY always on hand.

My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed. Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

CARL RIVINIUS

Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885—tf.

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF

THAT CAN BE RELIED ON

BE UP TO THE MARK

Not to Split!

Not to Discolor!

BEARS THIS MARK.

TRADE ELLULOID MARK.

NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT.

THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

mar 28-1y

WELL BRED GIRLS SOON WED.

Girls who use SAPOLIO are QUICKLY MARRIED

SAPOLIO is one of the best known city luxuries and each time a cake is used an hour is saved. On floors, tables and painted work it acts like a charm. For scouring pots, pans and metals it has no equal. If your store-keeper does not keep it you should insist upon his doing so, as it always gives satisfaction and its immense sale all over the United States makes it an almost necessary article to any well supplied store. Everything shines after its use, and even the children delight in using it in their attempts to help around the house.

This double cuckle, the National emblem of the United States, appears in their commercials as the great trade-mark of the

RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE

which is working such wonders with all Rheumatic sufferers who have ever tried it.

IT COMPLETELY CURED

J. F. NEWTON, 236 Broadway, Quincy, Ill. "In 1879 I was so severely afflicted with rheumatism that I had to carry two canes to walk. Having used everything, my friends said as a certain no remedy could cure me. Providence directed me to Atlanta to sleep. Brethren did not believe it, but I arised every Monday, positive helped me. Having used one week I had full use of my limbs, and have been well ever since."

It has cured over one million afflicted with rheumatism who have given it a fair trial.

ONE BOX DOES THE BUSINESS.

Price $2.50. If unsatisfied by a trial, it is returned to us, and the money will be refunded.

As yet it is not to be found at the stores, but can only be had by enclosing the amount as above, to the Manufacturers, the Advertisers, the Proprietors,

PFAELZER BROS. & CO.
319-321 Market Street, Philadelphia.

WOMEN

Needing renewed strength, or who suffer from Intermittent or Remittent fever, should use

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

THE BEST TONIC

This medicine combines iron with pure vegetable tonics, and is invaluable for Diseases of the Stomach, and all who lead sedentary lives. It thoroughly enriches and Purifies the Blood, Strengthens the Muscles and Nerves—in fact, thoroughly Invigorates.

It clears the complexion, and makes the skin smooth. It does not blacken the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—all other iron medicines do.

MRS. ELIZABETH RAUSCH, 24 Pierrot Ave., Green Bay, Wis., says, under date of Dec. 30th, 1889:

"I have used Brown's Iron Bitters and find it more than a doctor to me, having cured me of a weakness I had been in for years. I also used it for Constipation, and now my complexion is clear and good. Has also been beneficial to my children."

MRS. LOUISA C. BRANNOCK, Rose Lodge, N. Y., says: "I have suffered untold misery from Kidney trouble, and could obtain relief from no medicine except Brown's Iron Bitters."

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

H. CHILDS & CO.,

PITTSBURGH,

OFFER TO THE TRADE THE BEST LINE OF

$3.00 SHOES

IN THE MARKET.

MADE IN

Button, English Bals & Imitation Lace Congress,

From the BEST CALF SKINS, with GENUINE DONGOLA TOPS, and LEATHER COUNTERS, and every pair warranted.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - OCT. 17, 1890.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—If you want a plush coat go to Mrs. R. Jones.

—Chestnuts are selling for one twenty-five per bushel.

—Reade township teachers "teach the young idea how to shoot."

—Mr. P. F. Brown, of this place, is confined to his house by sickness.

—Somerset county's jail is completed and taken off the contractor's hands.

—Remember that Mrs. R. E. Jones makes a specialty of coats and trimmed hats.

—Mr. Charles Dimond, of Summerhill spent a few hours in town on Tuesday.

—A new stock of table and pocket cutlery cheap at Dutton's hardware store.

—Mr. James Mellon, of Carroll township, was a visitor to our office on Wednesday.

—Three hundred overcoats from $2 50 to $6 00 at C. A. Sharbaugh's, Carrolltown.

—Mr. J. G. McDermitt, of Ashville, paid the FREEMAN a brief visit on Wednesday.

—Mr. James Kirkpatrick, of Elder township, spent a few hours in town on Wednesday.

—Children's suits, all prices from $2 00 up at Barkers.' Nice new assortment to select from.

—This is about the time of the year that an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" troupe strikes Ebensburg.

—Don't fail to see the immense stock of clothing and overcoats at C. A. Sharbaugh's, Carrolltown.

—Two sons of Anselm Weakland, of Elder township, are reported very ill with typhoid fever.

—The largest line of gents' furnishing goods in the county at C. A. Sharbaugh's, Carrolltown.

—A person born November 5, 1869, becomes of age November 4, 1890, and may therefore vote this year.

—Mr. Philip Deitrich, of Carrolltown, is reported very low with typhoid fever. Ex Sheriff Gray, is reported better.

—The largest line of underwear for men, women and children has just been opened at Barker Bros.' Call and see them.

—John Mahaffy, an old respected citizen of Cherrytree, died at his home in that place on Saturday last aged 83 years.

—We would call your attention to our assortment of ladies' and children's coats and wraps. MRS. R. E. JONES.

—An exchange says: "Speak no evil of the absent; that is cowardly. Likewise speak no evil of the present; you might get licked."

—The dedication of the new Catholic church at Chest Springs which was announced for last Sunday, was postponed until October 19th.

—Mrs. R. E. Jones is in Philadelphia buying the balance of her Fall stock, and when she returns will show you a splendid line of goods.

—Frank J. McGovern, of the firm of McGovern Brothers, of Tyrone, died at his home in that place on Wednesday after an illness of several months.

—When you are ready to buy an overcoat don't fail to see what Barker Bros. can offer you. They certainly have some nice suits at very low prices.

—The weather is interfering with the work on the fair grounds to a great extent, nevertheless the contractors are pushing ahead with their contracts.

—The Catholic church here will be dedicated on the second Sunday in November. The Carrolltown choir will render the music on the occasion.—*Hastings Tribune.*

—M. D. Kittell, Esq., and wife, of this place, started on Friday last to Leavenworth, Kansas, on a visit to Mrs. K.'s parents who are residents of that city.

—We are overstocked with some sizes in children's coats, and are offering special bargains in coats for children of 4, 6 and 8 years. MRS. R. E. JONES.

—Mr. Michael Luther retired from the grocery firm of O'Hara, Brown & Luther, of this place, on Tuesday, having sold his interest in the business to the other members of the firm.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

—Horace B. Rose, Esq., and M. B. Stephens, Esq., of Johnstown, both members of the Cambria county Bar, were admitted to practice in the Supreme Court at Pittsburg on Monday.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath.

—Mr. John Leighty, the lowest bidder on the new dam to be built for the borough of Ebensburg, gave up the contract and the work has been awarded to Mr. J. A. Shoemaker, the next lowest bidder, for the sum of $1,449 00.

—At the Republican Conference which met at the Logan House, in Altoona, the same old result was obtained, Scull, 6; Burke, 3 and Cessna, 8. After four ineffectual ballots the Conference adjourned to meet to-day (Thursday.)

—A grand ball will be held in the Opera House on Thursday evening, October 23d, to which everybody is invited. Excellent musicians have been secured, good order will be maintained and a delightful evening is promised to all who attend.

—Chestnuts may be made to keep their natural taste and be kept free from worms by heating them for a few minutes in a pan placed in a hot oven so as to kill the germs which are in so many of them, then save them in muslin bags in a dry place.

—Representatives of one of the largest clothing firms in Philadelphia have opened out one of the largest stocks of men's and boys' clothing, overcoats, etc., ever seen in Ebensburg, at lower prices than anyone else can offer you. Call at Barker Bros.' and examine the goods.

—Joseph Lehr, a brakeman on the Pennsylvania railroad, fell from a car to the track at Altoona on Monday morning, and was struck by a west bound engine. He was badly injured that it was found necessary to amputate his left leg about four inches above the knee.

—Mrs. Alice Buck, wife of Mr. John Buck, of Gallitzin, died on Saturday last at her home in that place from consumption, aged about nineteen years. The deceased was a daughter of Mr. William Skelly, of Gallitzin, formerly of Portage township, and was highly esteemed for her many virtues.

—Charles Brant, a teamster of Jeanette, was found dead near the railroad track in East Jeanette on Sunday night. It is believed the man was murdered. The Coroner summoned a jury, but they adjourned until Saturday next. The marks on the dead man's person did not indicate that he had been struck by a struck by a train. He was about 50 years of age.

—Mr. Bert Scanlan, of this place spent a couple of days in Pittsburg the latter part of last week.

—Mrs. R. E. Jones has a lot of ladies' coats which she is selling out at half price—all desirable goods.

—Charles Howard, of Blair county, who was serving a three years' sentence in the Western penitentiary, committed suicide one night last week by hanging himself with his bed clothes. He was twenty-two years old.

—Harry Huff, a young man who is employed at Pemberton Mines, Blair county, was fooling with a gun on Sunday afternoon when it was discharged, the contents entering one of his feet. He thought it wasn't loaded.

—Hon. P. Gray Meek, of the Bellefonte *Watchman*, was nominated for State Senator by the Democratic conference at Philipsburg, on Wednesday, in the Clearfield, Clinton and Center district. The nomination is equivolent to an election.

—Mr. Woolf G. Regley, formerly of Barr township, this county, but now of Jefferson Texas, was a visitor to our office today (Thursday.) Mr. Regley had been visiting friends in Barr township, and was on his way back to the Lone Star State, where he is a successful and prosperous lumberman.

—Thomas R. Haley, cashier at the Logan House, Altoona, who left that city on Sunday night on a trip to Joplin, Mo., dropped dead on a street in St. Louis on Tuesday from heart disease. The deceased was about 58 years of age and had been connected with the Logan House for the past eighteen years.

—One of the first things that strikes the eye of the reader in looking at the second page of the FREEMAN this week will be the big "ad." of Messrs. Woolf & Son, the popular clothing merchants of Johnstown, who will be here week after next and all in need of clothing will do well to read the "ad." and profit by it.

—Emanuel Berkey, of near Foutsville, Somerset county, met a horrible death on Tuesday. Mr. Berkey was working on a steam saw mill and in some manner made a mis-step, and falling upon the swiftly revolving saw, his body was cut in two in an instant. He was thirty-nine years of age and leaves a wife and seven children.

—J. K. Gardner, a lumberman from Ridgway, Pa., while returning from the fair at East Liverpool, Ohio, one day last week, was robbed on the train at Pittsburg of his pocketbook containing $10,000, the proceeds of a lumber sale. It is supposed that he was followed by pickpockets who were aware of the large amount he had on his person.

—The Democratic Congressional Conference for this district met at the Logan House on Wednesday evening. The Conference, after taking a ballot, adjourned to meet at noon to-day (Thursday.) The ballot taken resulted as follows: Greevy, 6; Metzker, 3; Linton 3. Blair and Cambria voted for Greevy, Somerset for Linton and Bedford for Metzker.

—The State Fish Commission is now ready to supply German carp to all who may apply to any of the commissioners. All orders may be addressed to any of the following, and will at once be filled without cost to the applicant: H. G. Ford, Philadelphia; H. C. Demuth, Lancaster, S. B. Stillwell, Scranton; L. Streuber, Erie; J. V. Long, Pittsburg, and W. L. Powell, Harrisburg.

—The barn of Sampson Stevens in East Wheatfield Twp., Indiana Co., was discovered to be on fire on Wednesday night of last week, and notwithstanding the heroic efforts of a number of people who were at his house in attendance at the wedding of his daughter, it was burned to the ground. The horses, harness and farming implements were saved, but hay and grain were burned with the barn.

—While the train from Hollidaysburg bearing Ex-Governor Pattison and party neared Seventeenth street, Altoona, on Thursday of last week, the cars left the track and ran for half a square before being stopped. The danger of a very serious accident was great, but besides shaking up and alarming the distinguished travelers and the breaking of a step on a Pullman car, no damage was done.

—An impression generally prevails that the legal season for the shooting of quail begins on the 15th of October. This is a mistake. Under an act passed by the last legislature, the season does not begin until the first of November, and terminates on the 15th of December. The penalty is $10 for every violation. Hunters are, therefore, duly warned, as an effort will be made to see that the law is rigidly enforced.

—The report of the death of ex-Sheriff Gray, of Carrolltown, was circulated on our streets on Tuesday but we are glad to state that the report was not correct. It no doubt originated from the fact that Mr. Gray is very low with typhoid fever, but we hope that his life may be spared for many years of usefulness. The latest news from Carrolltown report his condition as critical but with hopes for his ultimate recovery.

—The ringing of the bell of St. Mary's Catholic church on Wednesday recalled to many of our citizens the peculiar legacy left to that church by the late John Gilpin, Esq. In his will Mr. Gilpin set apart certain real estate, $100 of the annual income of which was to be paid over to the trustees of the above named church providing they would ring the bell of the church for one hour on the 8th day of October of each year.—*Kittaning Press.*

—The news of gas being discovered last week at the well being bored on the Juniata Valley camping grounds at Newton Hamilton is confirmed by later revelations. On Tuesday while boring, oil was discovered and a gush of gas issued that sent the debris as high as the tops of the trees in that vicinity. The people are greatly excited over the great discovery that has been made, and the citizens of Newton Hamilton flocked to the well Tuesday afternoon as soon as they learned that oil had been struck. Preparations are being made to pump the oil.—*Huntingdon Local News.*

—Argument was heard in the Supreme Court, sitting at Pittsburg, on Tuesday in the case of the appeal of the Directors of the Poor of Cambria county versus the Overseers of the Poor of Madison township, Clarion county, Pa. The case is as to which shall support three illegitimate idiotic children of James and Emily Randolph. At the time of the birth of the children the parents resided in Madison township, Clarion county, but have since removed to Cambria county. The lower court decided that they were chargeable to Cambria county and the appeal was taken by the Poor Directors of this county.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad Company's report for the present year is the first filed at the Department of Internal Affairs, and presents some interesting figures. The number of stockholders a t the last election was 26,606; par value of shares, $50; market value, 53¾; in November, 1889, a dividend of 2½ per cent. was declared; in May, 1890, a dividend of 3 per cent. was declared; capital stock, $150,700,000; amount paid out in dividends last year, $6,068,293; surplus, $2,-259,751.64; gross earnings, $64,971,134; gross expenses, $44,060,565 27. The number of employees is 40,748; salaries paid them, $20,-111,751.53. The injured last year were 4,070. The killed were 690.

—A new assortment, all new styles, of stiff hats at Barkers.' Call and see them. Also a new line of cloth and fur caps.

—Mr. Bennett, of Altoona, one of the men employed by Foreman Heirzroth, of the Postal Telegraph company, while digging a hole in the narrows east of Water street, found a piece of Spanish coin dated 1776. The most singular part was a blast had been put off and he found the coin between the rocks; his bar slipped and he would have lost it if he had not caught it, as there appeared to be quite a cavity underneath, which he supposed was fourteen feet in depth.—*Huntingdon Local News.*

—It will pay you to go twenty miles to buy a suit of clothes or an overcoat from C. A. Sharbaugh, Carrolltown.

—While a freight train was crossing the switches at Creeson on Monday evening about 6 o'clock, another freight train ran into it, throwing eight cars upon the east bound track which were run into by engine No. 1384, wrecking several cars and killing Robert Fee, a brakeman, whose home was at Bolivar, Westmoreland county. His remains were taken to Altoona and prepared for burial and then forwarded to his home. Mr. Fee was a single man aged about 23 years. The wrecked cars were loaded with pianos, organs, groceries, etc. In some places sugar was piled a couple of feet high, and some people living near got a supply of sugar enough to last them for a year or two.

—Men's working shirts, cotton or wool, flannel shirts for dress shirts, or any kind of shirts you want will be found at Barkers.'

—Mr. John Bovle, a young man aged 27 years, residing in Johnstown, was instantly killed at East Conemaugh at 10:30 o'clock on Tuesday night. Mr. Boyle was employed as a freight brakeman on the Pennsylvania railroad. While crossing the railroad tracks at East Conemaugh on his way to his train he was struck by the engine of Fast Line East and thrown under the wheels, where he met his death. The remains were removed to East Conemaugh and thence to the deceased's home in Johnstown. The deceased leaves a widowed mother, three sisters and two brothers. He is also mourned by an affianced bride, to whom he was to have been united in marriage next Tuesday.

—It will pay you to buy your clothing or overcoats right here at home from Barker Bros., as they can and will sell you cheaper than anyone else.

—J. Wilkinson & Son, marble and granite dealers of Ebensburg, Pa., wish to inform the public that they are prepared to fill all orders for cemetery work, in either marble or granite, at figures that defy competition. The artistic excellence and superior work manship of their designs ar evidenced by the many specimens now on exhibition at their establishment and by the numberless designs which they have erected in the various cemeteries in this county and elsewhere. Every department of their business is in the hands of skillful and competent workmen, who are capable of executing any piece of work from the plainest to the most elaborate, which together with the personal supervision that every job receives is a guarantee that perfect satisfaction will be given to the most exacting of patrons. They ordered forty tons of marble which arrived in April, and now have as fine, if not the finest, stock on the best marble that ever came to Western Pennsylvania. Persons wishing anything in the line would do well to give them a call before leaving their order with any other manufacturer, as you can depend upon getting a good job at a fair price.

Rev. J. Koehne.

Rev. J. B. Koehne will deliver one of his lectures at the Teachers' Institute next month. He is an eloquent orator. Read the appended press notices.

The attention of the crowded audience was held from first to last. Mr. Koehne is a forcible speaker, and growsjelequent as he proceeds.—*Punxsutawney (Pa.) News.*

The lecture is full of startling surprises, pathos and inimitable oratory. The ridiculous gives place to the sublime, and the audience listens in almost breathless silence to the beautiful thoughts so eloquently expressed.—*Waynesburg (Pa.) Democrat.*

The lecture showed deep research and each fact was given the impress of a personality that carried conviction to the hearer. Mr. Koehne is a brilliant, logical and forcible speaker.—*Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.*

Hon. Henry Hall.

Hon. Henry Hall will lecture on "The Coming Man" at the Teachers' Institute on Monday, Nov. 17th. Read the following:

Hon. Henry Hall gave his lecture, "The Coming Man," at our Teachers' Institute, October 29, 1889. Our teachers and people here speak in the highest terms of it. I believe the lecture is second to none of the many good lectures delivered at our Institutes. H. L. PEARSALL,

Supt. Schools, Cameron Co., Pa.

The lecture was replete with wit and pathos, and was listened to with rapt attention at one moment, while at another storms of applause greeted some poignant criticisms on man's shortcomings, or some burst of splendid eulogy on the grandeur and greatness of the of "The Coming Man."—*Uniontown (Pa.) News.*

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worse cases of Cough, Croup, and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1.00. If your Lungs are sore, Chest or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Soldby Dr. J T. Davison.

The Breath

of a chronic catarrh patient is often so offensive that he becomes an object of disgust. After a time ulceration sets in, the spongy bones are attacked and frequently entirely destroyed. A constant source of discomfort is the dripping of the purulent secretions into the throat, sometimes producing inveterate bronchitis, which in its turn has been the exciting cause of pulmonary disease. The brilliant results which have attended its use for years past properly designate Ely's Cream Balm as by far the best and only cure.

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming Up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75 cents we will sell them Shiloh's System Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Dr. T. J Davison.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy, a marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mout and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious Nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J.Davison.

—All kinds of job work neatly and promptly executed at this office at the lowest prices.

Reade Township Items.

Mr. W. A. Chaplain purchased a very fine horse recently.

Mr. T. H. Jervis, of Ebensburg, is teaching the No. 1 school, near Flinton.

Mr. G. L. Glasgow went to Philadelphia last week to lay in a large stock of winter goods. All parties wanting to buy good goods, such as are usually kept in a country store, can do no better than to take their loose change to George.

Messrs. Patten and Elliot, of Coalport, have leased a lot of coal lands near Flinton and have a force of men developing and preparing to operate it. The coal will be shipped over the C & C. railroad.

Christain Walters has had his grist mill changed into a full roller mill this Summer and is now turning out a fine grade of flour. He has also purchased a new engine and boiler to keep it running when the water is too low to run it by water power.

The engineers have run the preliminary line for the Beaver Valley railroad, the junction to be at Flinton.

We have been inclined to think of late that the schools in this township have been advancing, but we do not think that some of the teachers have been showing a very good example by their conduct lately. On last Friday evening John Glasgow, principal of the Glasgow schools, interviewed Teacher George Williams at John F. Hollen's, in Glasgow. After talking some time they commenced quarreling, but were soon quieted by Mr. Hollen who grabbed a chair and held it in a threatening manner. They got loud again, however, and when Williams reached to hip pocket (he says for his handkerchief as he had no revolver on his person.) Glasgow drew his revolver and shot to kill, the ball passing through Williams' coat, but not injuring him. The trouble grew out of a love affair about a certain school marm in this township. The school board will investigate the matter.

The Golden Gate Tours of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Preparations for the inaugural series of personally conducted tours to the Pacific Coast, under the auspices of the Pennsylvania railroad, are progressing and a detailed outline of their scope, routes, rates and conditions will be published at an early day. In the meantime sufficient headway has been made to indicate that the tours will surpass any similar pleasure trips heretofore enjoyed by the people of the Eastern States. The special trains of Pullman Vestibule, Sleeping and Dining Cars will exemplify the latest and best work of the Pullman shops. They will run through to California on quick time, delivering their passengers at desirable points in the Golden State and picking them up at the appointed rendezvous for the return trip. Tourist Agents and Chaperons of wide experience will conduct the party and minister to their comfort in every possible way. Peculiarly favorable concessions will be granted them by the railroads of the Pacific Slope, so that their movements may be productive of the fullest pleasure at the lowest cost.

These tours are the most ambitious attempts yet projected by the Pennsylvania personally-escorted system to provide pleasure tours of the highest grade, and the traveling public may depend upon securing in them the most perfect service.

The first tour will leave the East late in January. It will be limited to one hundred persons, and those who anticipate an early spring outing to the shores of the Pacific should place themselves in correspondence at once with Mr. J R. Wood, General Passenger Agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Philadelphia.

Marriage Licenses Issued.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, October 15th, 1890.

Francis J. Wills, Ashville and Harriet B. Burgeon, Allegheny township.

Harvey M. Ragor and Mary M. Orner, West Taylor township.

James S. Karr, Roanoke, Va., and Ella M. Sipe, Summerhill.

Frank Duj and Sophia Bann, Ehrenfield.

John T. Morgan and Hattie A. Walters, Ebensburg.

George Esar, Allegheny, Pa., and Mary Friant, Johnstown.

Mahlon Sipe and Vanetta Reightnour, Johnstown.

Charles Job and Elizabeth Lynn, Gallitzin.

Stephen Harchar and Annie Pastorik, Johnstown.

Samuel Shaffer, Johnstown and Margaret J. Shearer, West Taylor township.

John A. Hellstrom and Amelia A. Zimmerman, Johnstown.

George A. Gounder and Lucinda Ross, Stonycreek township.

Joseph Booderaugh and Hanna Williams, Amsbry.

David Richards and Eliza J. Caddy, Johnstown.

Joan Becker and Sophia Studeny, Johnstown.

John Link and Annie Rorabaugh, Croyle township.

Buckien's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Married.

THOMAS—PRICE.—Married at Houtzdale, Pa., on September 24th, 1890, by Rev. D. C. Thomas, Mr. William R. Thomas and Miss Essie Price.

MORGAN—WALTERS.—Married at Ebensburg on October 9th, 1890, by Rev. D. C. Thomas, Mr. John T. Morgan and Miss Hattie A. Walters.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Buy your clothing at Barkers.'
Buy your overcoats at Barkers.'
Buy your boots and shoes at Barkers.'
Buy your underwear at Barkers.'
Buy your hats and caps at Barkers.'
Buy *all* your goods at Barkers.'

FOR SALE.

In Cambria Township, within fifteen minutes walk of Post Office, a small property, beautifully situated and affording a fine view of the town and surrounding country. Contains five and a-half acres (5½) of fertile land, a fine orchard, lawn shaded with maples and catalpa trees. Four roomed house with summer kitchen, wood and coal house attached. Excellent cellar. Drilled well, never failing supply of pure, cold water. Good stable, three stalls and carriage shed. Excellent location for summer home, or fruit and truck farm. For terms call on or address,

MRS. A. R. READ,
Ebensburg, Pa.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that M. F. McDonald, of Loretto borough, Cambria county Pa., by deed of voluntary assignment dated October 8, 1890, has assigned to E. H. Flick, of Altoona, Blair county Pa., in trust for the benefit of the creditors of the said M. F. McDonald, all the estate, real and personal, of the said M. F. McDonald. All persons indebted to the said M. F. McDonald will make immediate payment to said assignee and those having claims or demands will present the same without delay.

E. H. FLICK,
Assignee of M. F. McDonald

Oct 17, 1890.

SALESMEN WANTED.

A good chance to secure a paying situation for the dull winter months. Each salesman furnished with a complete outfit illustrating and describing New Fruits, etc., that sell readily. Salary and expenses from start. Write for terms.

HOOPES, BROS. & THOMAS,
Maple Avenue Nurseries,
West Chester, Pa.

oct17 6t

A TAKE FOR RHEUMATISM

GOUT, SACKACHE, Pains in the Side, the Chest and the Joints, Neuralgia, Sprains, etc., etc., the IMPORTED "ANCHOR" PAIN EXPELLER

IT IS AND WILL EVER BE

The BEST, UNRIVALED REMEDY

One Unsolicited Testimonial out of Thousands

Your Anchor Pain Expeller has relieved at least One of our Sisters, suffering for years with Rheumatism for which Doctors had given her up. Please send us another bottle for our Sister.

SCHOOL SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME.

50 CENTS A BOTTLE.

OF MOST DRUGGISTS, OR DIRECT FROM

F. AD. RICHTER & CO.,
310 Broadway, New York.

European Houses: Rudolstadt, Gy, London, Vienna, Budapest, Paris, Constantinople, Kustelin, Olten, Nuremberg, Leipsic.

25 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.

FREE Books about other Anchor Remedies on Application.

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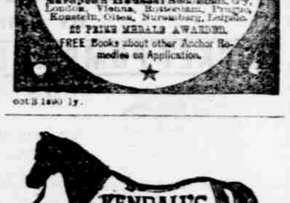

The Most Successful Remedy ever Discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below:

BROOKLYN, Conn., May 5, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:

SIRS:—Last Summer I cured a Curb upon my horse with your celebrated Kendall's Spavin Cure and it was the best job I ever saw done. I have a dozen empty bottles, having used it with perfect success, curing every thing I tried it on. My neighbor had a horse with a very bad Spavin that made him lame. He asked me how to cure it. I recommended Kendall's Spavin Cure. He cured the Spavin in just three weeks.

Yours respectfully,
WILCOXE WHITE.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, April 4, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:

Dear Sirs:—I have been selling more of Kendall's Spavin Cure and Flint's Condition Powders than ever before. One man said to me, It was the best Roarder I ever kept and the best he ever used.

Respectfully,
OTTO L. HOFFMAN.

CHITTENANGO, N. Y., May 12, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,

Dear Sirs:—I have used several bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with perfect success, on a valuable and blooded mare that was quite lame with a Bone Spavin. The mare is now entirely free from lameness and shows no bunch on the hock.

Respectfully,
F. H. HUTCHINS.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

MONROE, La., May 5, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,

Gents:—I think it my duty to render you my thanks for your far famed Kendall's Spavin Cure. I had a four year old filly which I prized very highly. She had a very severe swollen leg, caused about eight different kinds of medicines which did no good. I purchased a bottle of your Kendall's Spavin Cure which cured her in four days.

I remain yours,
MARION DOWDEN.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,
Ensoburgh Falls, Vermont.

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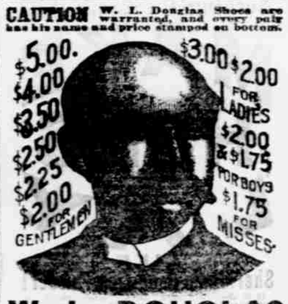
CAUTION W. L. Douglas Shoes are warranted, and every pair has his name and price stamped on bottom.



W. L. DOUGLAS
$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Fine Calf and Laced Waterproof Grain. The excellence and wearing qualities of this shoe cannot be better shown than by the strong endorsements of its thousands of constant wearers.

$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, an elegant and stylish dress Shoe which commends itself.
$4.00 Hand-sewed Welt. A fine calf Shoe unequalled for style and durability.
$3.50 Goodyear Welt is the standard dress Shoe, at a popular price.
$3.50 Policeman's Shoe is especially adapted for railroad men, farmers, etc.

All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

$3 & $2 SHOES FOR LADIES,

have been most favorably received since introduced and the recent improvements make them superior to any shoes sold at these prices.

Ask your Dealer and if he cannot supply you send direct to factory enclosing advertised price, or a postal for order blanks.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

C. T. ROBERTS,
AGENT.

oct17 1m

DO YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU CAN BUY

Double Barrel Breech Loading Shot Guns at $6.50; Double Barrel Muzzle Loading Guns at $4.50; Single Barrel Shot Guns at $2.50, and all other goods at equally low prices.

ALSO A FULL LINE OF
Diamonds, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

K. SMIT,
932 & 934 Liberty St., Cor. Smithfield,
PITTSBURG, PA.

Send for our large annual Illustrated Catalogue, No. 15, free of charge. aug28.3m

HASTINGS HOTEL,
H. J. SHETTIG, PROPRIETOR.

Located at the Station, near the centre of the town, on Fourth Avenue. We endeavor to furnish the best accommodations to business men, pleasure seekers and boarders. Persons in search of comfort and quiet will find it a desirable place to stop. The Table is unsurpassed and is always supplied with the best the market affords, and all the delicacies of the season. The Bar is supplied with the choicest of pure liquors and cigars and nothing but the best is sold. Special attention given to the care of horses.

H. J. SCHETTIG.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Florian Bengele, Loretto borough, deceased.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Florian Bengele, late of Loretto borough, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. JOSEPH BENGELE,

Loretto, Pa., Oct. 3, 1890. Executor.

ALEXANDER F. MAY,
CATERER,
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dining and Lunch Rooms,
614 Penn Avenue, - PITTSBURG, PA.

Weddings, Parties, Luncheons, etc., supplied with every requisite, to any available point, by rail or other conveyance. Special and prompt attention given orders by mail or telephone.

August 22, 1890-3m.

SELF-FEED DRAG SAWS
For 1, 2, 4 and 10 H. P.
PICKET MILLS
for Home and Factory use.

MARSH STEAM PUMP for Stationary and Traction Engines. All first-class Standard Machines

B. C. MACHINERY CO.
301 Levi Street, Battle Creek, Mich.

DONALD E. DUFTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENNA

Office in Opera House, Centre street.

GEO. M. READE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENNA.

Office on Centre street, near High.

ADVERTISERS by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce St., New York can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of ADVERTISING in American Newspapers. 100 Page Pamphlet 10c.

Gus. Simon's Card to the
Intelligent - People
of the Mountain Top.

BY DEALING WITH GUS. SIMON, {Oceans of Money Saved} -GALLITZIN'S- FAMOUS CLOTHIER.

A $40,000 Stock to Select from.

Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Boots and Shoes, Furniture, Hats, and Caps, at prices that will astonish everybody. Bring this Bill with you and be sure to ask for what is published on it, as we have all in abundance and none need go away empty. Come along.

CALICO.—A big lot of new styles at 4 cents; Pacific 5½ cents; the Washington Novelty, full Standard, 5 cents; Hartel Staples, 6 cents; fancy Indigo prints, 5, 6 and 7 cents; oil covered prints in red, blue and green at 6 and 7 cents; Sateens, all patterns, at 8 cents; standard dark prints at 5 cents.

GINGHAMS AND CHAMBRES.—A good apron check, 5 cents. Staple and fancy, 6 cents. Staple checks, blue, green and brown, 6 and 7 cents. Splendid styles in dress ginghams, 7, 8 and 9 cents. Wyoming dress ginghams, 8 cents. Plain chambrees, 7 and 8 cents. Toil de Nord, in plaid and stripes, 8½ cents.

MUSLINS.—1,000 yards of Calico and Muslin at one-half price.

BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED MUSLINS.—Bleached Muslins at 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 cents. 4x4 Middle Sex at 6 cents. 4x4 one of the finest at 6 cents. 4x4 Daisy, 7 cents. 4x4 Golden Rod and no Dicker 7 cents. Our 5, No. 1, 8 cents. 4x4 Pennant, 8 cents. 5x4 Pillow case muslin, 10 cents. "Pride of the West," 14½ cents. Corset Jean, 7 cents.

TICKING.—Fancy Ticking at 8 cents. Uxbridge, blue striped, 10 cents. Harvard feather, 12 cents. XXXX special article, 15 cents. Double fold satin tick, high colors, 18 cents. Also, a large line of remnants in ticking. Come early.

BUSINESS IS ALWAYS BOOMING AT SIMON'S STORE.

Everybody is complaining of dull times while we are doing a rattling business all the time. The only trouble we now experience is the fact that we cannot get goods in fast enough.

FLANNELS AND BLANKETS.—No larger line kept in the United States. Big Drive, 3 by 4, gray twilled flannel, 12 cents. Another gray twilled, 15 cents. White flannel, best, 25 cents. White domet, 8 cents. Red wool flannel, plain, 20, 25 and 30 cents. Nice plain, blue twilled, 25, 30, 35 and 35 cents. Bleached and unbleached Canton flannel, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 cents. Also, a nice line of colored Canton flannels, 6, 7, 8 and 9 cents. A good pair of white blankets at 99 cents, $1.25, $1.48, $1.98, $2.50 and upward. All woolen blankets at $3.50, $4.00, $4.50, $5.00 and upward. Gray blankets at 75 cents, $1.00 and upward. Gray blankets at from 85 cents to $2.50 per pair. Comforters at from 55 cents up to $3.00.

LACE CURTAINS, 75 cents per pair, best quality.

DRESS GOODS department full of Novelties. Black Henriettas at 35, 50 and 75 cents.

SILK PLUSHES, VELVETS.—A full line kept. All colors and shades at from 35 cents up.

TOWELS and linens very low. Come and ask for our Kid Gloves, Bracelets, Rings, Chains, Cuff Buttons etc. Largest line kept. Ask to see them. The best line of Corsets at 34, 48, 75 and 98 cents and $1.25. Yelling Silk, all colors, 14 cents per yard. Laces, Embroideries, Ruffings, Vandyke Lace, Infant Robes, Lace Collars and Infant Cloaks. Visit us if you want a Jersey Coat or Plush Coat. Long Coats for ladies and children. Children's long Coats, for ages up to 12 years, $2.00. Long Coats for girls, $3.50. Fine Plush Coats at $25.00, formerly sold at $25.00.

Now, see here. We can afford to sell cheap because we have no big expenses or rents to pay.

A NEW STORE EXCLUSIVELY FOR CLOTHING.

CLOTHING AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.—Men's suits, sizes 34 to 42. Men's good Satinett suits, $5.50. Brown Worsted suits, $4.75. Red and gray plaid, all wool, $6.48. Blue Beaver Cheviotts, all wool, $6.75. Blue Pantusick, $7.50. Gray check cashmere, $7.25. Black, all wool, corkscrew, $8.50. Black, red and gold check, $7.00. Blue corkscrew, silk face, $10.00. Black corkscrew, silk, best, $12.00. Blue corkscrew, best, $12.00. Prince Albert suits, best corkscrew, at $15.00, $18.00 and $20.00.

MEN'S CUTAWAY SUITS.—Very fine imported corkscrew, black, blue or brown, round, $12.50. All wool corkscrew, stitched or bound, warranted, $10.00. Fancy black, plain imported corkscrew, $13.00. Very fine imported wide wale, worsted black, $12.00. Blue and gray check cashmere, $4.50. Gray or brown check, $5.00.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN MEN'S PANTS.—Men's good jean pants, 55 cents. Men's good cottonades, 85 cents. Men's pants, wool finish, $1.25. Good cheviot pants, $1.35. Black cork screw pants, $2.50. Good cashmere pants, $2.00. English worsted pants, $3.50. Imported Jupiter, $4.00, $4.50, $5.00, $5.50, $6.00 and $7.00 per pair.

SUITS WITH LONG PANTS.—For boys ranging in age from 14 to 17. Satinet Suits, $2.48. Good Union cashmeres, $3.98. Washinett suits, $2.98. Good cheviot suits, $4.74. Corkscrew suits, $6.48. Good English worsted, $7.50. Imported diagonal, $8.00. Tricot cloth, black and blue, $10.00.

CHILDREN'S SUITS.—One thousand good heavy cashmere suits for winter, from $1.00 up to $4.50, $2.00, $2.25, $2.50, $2.75, $3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50 5.00. Nine hundred extra children's knee pants, heavy, at 25 cents per pair. Don't forget that we carry the largest line of overcoats for men, boys, and children to be seen anywhere.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S LONG COATS AND JACKETS.—Children's coats, $1.48. Children's satinett coats, for ages ranging from 4 to 13, at 2.25. Coats in fine suitings for ages ranging from 4 to 13 2.98, and up as high as 5.50, 6.00 4.80 and 5.00. Ladies' Jackets fine line of the latest styles of Jackets at 2.00, 2.25, 2.50, 3.00. Stockinett coats, black, at 2.00, 2.50 2.00, 2.50 4.00. Jersey coats, 28 inches long, 2.25, 2.75, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00. Jersey coats, 30 inches long, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00. Short plush coats, 26 inches long, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00. We also have an exquisite line

PAWN-SHOP PICTURES.

How People Get Loans at Three Per Cent. a Month.

Behind a long counter, worn smooth and greasy by many a threadbare sleeve, is a short, fat man, with a drooping mustache and small gray eyes—eyes that are like a ferret's; they never look directly at a man, but the person who stands before them knows instinctively that they have taken him in from head to foot, have shown the pawn-shop keeper how sorely money is needed, how much spirit is left in the "borrower." "Sizing a man up," is the pawn-shop phrase for it.

Don't say any thing by way of introduction, advises a New York Tribune reporter. There is no need to say any thing. He knows that you have not come there to lend money to him. Take out your watch, say, and lay it on the shining counter.

"How much?" he asks indifferently.

He has picked it up and is looking at it contemptuously, so that you see that he does not consider it worth $7. And that watch cost you $250, perhaps.

"Thirty-five dollars—about," hazarding a guess.

"Can't do it," shortly; "thirty."

"Very well, then, we can't make a bargain."

This gives him a cue. He takes a little "coupon" and begins to write on it.

"Thirty?" he asks as if there were no doubt about it.

"No."

"Thirty-two?" softly.

"Oh, no, not thirty-two."

He has finished his writing. Going to a drawer he pulls forth four bills, one five and three tens. Laying the "coupon" on them he pushes them toward you, reaching for the watch.

"Wait a minute. I think I want $40.'

"Oh, pshaw, $40. It isn't worth $35, but I'm willing to accommodate you with thirty-five. No more."

A young man is at your side, nervously tapping the counter with a pair of opera-glasses, and the small eyes shoot swift glances at him.

"How much?" gruffly.

"Five dollars."

"Five nothing; two."

"I got five for them last time."

"Fiftieth time I've heard that to-day. Never were here before in your life."

"Three, then," doubtfully.

"Two," is the sharp response. j

"Oh, very well," says the cowed young man in despair. "Two."

But he is so confused that he seizes his coupon and darts through the door, leaving his $2 on the counter.

"Humph," grunts the man behind the counter; "first experience at this sort of business."

The young man rushes back, crying breathlessly: "My $2! I left it on the counter; where is it?"

"What $2?" says the other, looking at him with his restless gray beads of eyes.

"Oh, give it to me," cries the poor wretch almost with a wail.

"Here's your money, young man," says the pawnbroker with a smile which is almost good-natured. "I thought you might miss it, so I took care of it for you. You ought to be more careful about money matters." And the young man goes out shamefaced as if he had accepted alms—alms at 3 per cent a month.

A young girl who has quietly slipped in drops a ring on the counter. She carried it in her closed hand. Perhaps she drew it from her finger just before she entered the front door. She keeps her eyes turned from every one; her hands tremble and her lips are bloodless.

"How much?"

"Oh, any thing," she says, in a low tone.

"Three dollars?"

"Yes," as she nervously twists the ring in her shaking fingers. You can almost hear her catch her breath as she reaches the door.

"Well? (The ferret eyes have flashed over you again). Thirty-five?"

"No, I think I said forty."

"Thirty-seven?"

"No."

"Well, forty," suddenly, for you have started for the door.

"No, thank you."

"Forty-five," a cry follows you into the narrow hall-way. But you are near the street, and the air ahead of you looks bright and inviting, and as you step on the sidewalk your lungs feel refreshed. It is pleasant to see people in the street. They seem more like men and women than the unfortunate creature who trembled before the pawn-shop.

HYPNOTIZING A HEN.

An Englishman's Interesting Experiment with a Fowl.

Within the last month I have made an interesting experiment with a fowl, writes a correspondent of the London Spectator. Some choice eggs being sent me for hatching purposes (having no hen at that time broody and no incubator), I determined to set one of my hens on these eggs and keep her there by the force of mesmeric power. The eggs were not fresh when I received them, and to keep them with the uncertain hope of a hen becoming broody might have been fatal to their hatching. I therefore went against nature and sat my hen upon these eggs; she was in full lay at the time, and remained so throughout the three weeks that she was sitting, laying, according to her wont, two out of three days. Those who understand poultry will appreciate that no hen will do this, having become naturally broody, although for the first day or two after being set on eggs I have had hens lay once, or even twice. Marking the eggs I set her upon, I was able to know and withdraw the eggs she kept laying.

The first day I placed her on the eggs it took me half an hour to bring her into a hypnotic condition, but each successive day, after having roused her to drink and eat, I was able to soothe her to drowsy placidity in much less time; also, there were days, for which I can give no reason, when I had to go to her more than once in a day, she being in a restless, excited state, trying to get off the nest. The result has been, much to my own astonishment, that four out of seven of these eggs have hatched, and are healthy, happy little chickens. At night I can still influence their mother to her maternal duties, but in the daytime she takes no notice of them.

Curiosities of Dreams.

When it comes to stories of queer dreams, the person most reticent about this form of self-revelation is likely to think if not to speak of some extraordinary experience in the Land of Nod. When Dr. Holmes "saw huge fishes boiled to rags bob through the bubbling brine" in his famous nightmare of a hot day, he set reminiscenses going in many a brain crossed by thoughts of rash suppers like his own. Two men drifted upon the topic somehow the other day, and one confessed to a terror oft repeated in his dreams of the roof falling down upon him. "My favorite nightmare," returned the other, "is of a huge dog rushing at me to devour me. But I always bravely take hold of his jawe, tear them apart, and so save myself from destruction." The first speaker smiled sheepishly. "I've dreamed that myself hundreds of times," said he, "and I never spoke of it. I didn't suppose any body else ever dreamed such a foolish thing."

A Diplomatic Dodge.

Willie—I can't come out, Dolph. Ma says I must stay in all the afternoon.

Dolph—Why don't you sit in the chair that squeaks and wiggles? She'll send you out quick enough, then.

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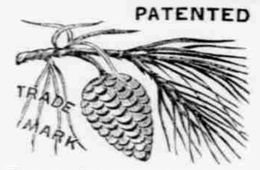

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Excels any remedy for the rapid cure of Hard Colds, Coughs, Hide Bound, Yellow Water, Fever, Distemper, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fever, Costiveness, Blotches, and all difficulties arising from impurities of the Blood. Will relieve Heaves at once. *Manufactured by the* JOPPA MANUFACTURING CO., LYONS, N. Y.

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and all disorders of the liver and has cured hundreds of people and is the only remedy for these diseases, and in cases in which the most skillful physicians have utterly failed. Testimonials from hundreds of people living in Blair county, Pennsylvania. It is manufactured by **D. T. Koring, Williamsburg, Pa.**, for the P. T. L. R. Co., and for sale by all druggists at 50 cents per bottle.

None genuine except label shows the Indian arrow-head trade mark.

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EBENSBURG, PA.

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BIG ELEPHANT YARN.

A Tug-of-War Extraordinary as Told By a Disciple of Munchausen.

The London Graphic prints some elephant and crocodile pictures obtained from a certain Major-General Robley, who bases them on an "elephant yarn," as he styles it, told him by one Barcus, who was probably related to a celebrated German Baron named Munchausen. Barcus thus told his tale, and it will be seen that there is a good deal of tail to it:

"Two years ago I was on a shooting expedition up the Ganges, and on the lookout for big game of any kind. One day I came across the 'spoor' of a very big rogue elephant. As it was getting dark, I determined to follow up the 'spoor' next day. Accordingly daybreak saw me on the track, and soon I came to a large tank, and there I saw my friend having a farewell drink, and splashing in the water like an animated haystack. He was far beyond range, and as there was little or no cover near, I could only watch and wait. Presently he moved off, and, the wind being favorable, I followed closely.

"And now comes the strange part of my story. We arrived at a smaller tank, which I saw at a glance was full of crocodiles. In floundered the elephant and down went his trunk for a drink. Suddenly he started and began to struggle like mad. I rushed close up and found he had been seized by a large crocodile. A brief struggle and the elephant began to 'walk away.' But soon there was a check, and then, to my astonishment, I saw another 'croc' had got No. 1 by the tail. But still the elephant had the pull, when a second and then a third 'croc' fell in, each holding on to the other's tail.

"It was a grand sight, and I became quite excited. I offered my tracker 'evens' on the elephant, which he took. Suddenly another 'croc' fell in, and the elephant began to give. I thought it was all up with him, but he just twisted his tail around a tree, and there he was as firm as a rock. The tracker claimed a foul pull, but I overruled his objection."

"But how did it end?" asked I, yawning for it was getting late.

"I will tell you," said Barcus. "The elephant brought his native cunning to bear where force failed. He took a deep breath and blew with all his force down the first 'croc's' throat, nearly choking him. 'Croc' opened his mouth to breathe, and the elephant walked away. And thus ends my yarn."

THE GREED FOR RICHES.

In Striving for the Unattainable Many Sacrifice Their Happiness.

Then, too, I learned this truth, writes Ed R. Pritchard in the Arkansaw Traveler, that a certain amount of this world's goods can be made to contribute to our comfort, our betterment, in a thousand ways; but beyond that, while it may gratify a desire for pomp and display, for things that really are of more benefit to us it is really more of a burden than a blessing. The getting of wealth for purposes of adding to the genuine comforts and happiness of our families, to be used in this way for the healthful, physical, intellectual and moral advancement of those we love and labor for, is certainly one of the highest and noblest of occupations. Of course it is assumed that the processes use to obtain it are clean and honorable, and that the effort of mere money-getting ceases whenever a reasonable competency has been secured.

Such an object can be pursued without the loss of any of those qualities that go to make up the highest type of manhood; but the moment one gets in haste to be rich, to hoard, to pile up thousands for the mere pleasure of seeing them grow into hundreds of thousands and these hundreds of thousands into millions, just that soon does he begin to fall away from true manhood and in time becomes an oppressor and an enemy to his fellows.

I believe in a law that would limit this fortune-getting somewhere. No one man has any business with a fortune of fifteen or twenty millions. It is more money than he will use properly, though he might do so; but the fact is, he don't. Another point to be remembered is, that not one in thousands can succeed in amassing an enormous fortune. So be content with a competency and you will be infinitely happier in a realization of modest desires than you can possibly be in striving for what is practically unattainable.

JEFFERSON ON HIMSELF.

The Curious Paper Discovered After the Famous Statesman's Death.

Jefferson was said to be quite averse to having his birthday celebrated during his lifetime, but he was not altogether undesirous of posthumous fame, but even in this he was modest, as the following curious paper found after his death will illustrate:

"Could the dead feel any interest in monuments or other remembrances of them the following words would be to me the most gratifying:

"On the grave a plain die or cube of three feet without any moldings, surmounted by an obelisk of six feet high, each of a single stone; on the face of the obelisk the following inscription and not a word more:

HERE WAS BURIED
THOMAS JEFFERSON,
AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,
AUTHOR OF THE STATUTE OF VIRGINIA FOR RELIGIOUS FREEDOM,
AND
FATHER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

"Because of these, as testimonials that I have lived, I wish to be remembered. To be of coarse stone, of which my columns are made, that no one might be hereafter tempted to destroy it for the value of the materials. My bust by Caracchi, with the pedestal and truncated column on which it stands, might be given the university if they would place it in the dome of the rotunda.

"On the die of the obelisk might be engraved:

BORN APRIL 2, 1743, O. S.
DIED ——

—In Algeria every girl born of native parents is tattooed on her forehead between the eyebrows and just at the root of the nose with a cross formed of several straight lines of small stars running close together. These tattoo marks are a dark blue color. Algerian women are also considerably tattooed on the backs of their hands, their forearms and chests, as well as on their shoulders, their wrists being especially adorned with drawings representing bracelets and flowers strung together. As a rule, women are the operators, and it is principally on children between the ages of seven and eight that they have to exercise their art. They use sometimes a needle, but more frequently a Barbary fig-tree thorn. They employ kohl as a coloring substance. It is a kind of fine powder made from sulphur of antimony, which is also in great request by the Algerian women for the purpose of face-painting.

—Colorado College, at Colorado Springs, Col., has just come into possession of a valuable set of books through the gift of Mr. J. J. Hagerman. It consists of 175 volumes and is the London edition of the celebrated edition known as the Delphin classics, of which there are only two other sets in the United States. It contains all the best criticism down to 1815, and a complete text of all the classic Latin literature.

It Makes You Hungry

"I have used Paine's Celery Compound and it has had a salutary effect. It invigorated the system and I feel like a new man. It improves the appetite and facilitates digestion." J. T. COPELAND, Pittsburg, S. C.

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is a unique tonic and appetizer. Pleasant to the taste, quick in its action, and without any injurious effect, it gives that rugged health which makes everything taste good. It cures dyspepsia and kindred disorders. Physicians prescribe it. $1.00. Six for $5.00. Druggists.

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Spring medicine means more now-a-days than it did ten years ago. The winter of 1888-89 has left the nerves *all fagged out.* The nerves must be strengthened, the blood purified, liver and bowels regulated. Paine's Celery Compound *the Spring medicine of the* [illegible] *Guaranteed by the* [illegible]

The Best Spring Medicine.

"In the spring of 1887 I was all run down. I would get up in the morning with so tired a feeling, and was so weak that I could hardly get around. I bought a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and before I had taken it a week I felt very much better. I can cheerfully recommend it to all who need a building up and strengthening medicine." Mrs. B. A. Dow, Burlington, Vt.

DIAMOND DYES Color anything any color. Never Fail! Always sure!

LACTATED FOOD Nourishes babies perfectly. The Physician's favorite.

DRINK PURE WATER.

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Purifies by Aeration.

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Warranted to Purify a Foul Well or Cistern in Ten Days Use or Money Refunded.

It will draw ten gallons of water per minute.
Never has to be packed, primed or thawed out.
A ten-year old boy can draw water with ease from a 40 ft. well.
No iron tubing to rust or burst. No washers or valves to wear out.
It has no wooden tubing to wear out, decay or pollute the water.
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It is the simplest and most durable structure made for raising water.
It can be set up in fifteen minutes, as there is nothing to fasten below the platform.
It will not freeze, having stood the test of a Dakota winter, as described below, and as the buckets discharge themselves.
Has no leather, rubber or wood in contact with the water to contaminate it.
You do not have to pump out a pailful of water to get a fresh, cool drink, for every bucket goes down full of air to the bottom, and fills with cold water as the air escapes.

Price $10 for a ten-foot well or cistern; 50 cents for every additional foot in depth, after 10 feet.

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We grow a full line of varieties adapted to Pennsylvania

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Is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into nostrils is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head. Allays inflammation. Heals the sores. Restores the senses of taste and smell. 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.

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That can be

MADE FROM PETROLEUM.

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Most : Uniformly : Satisfactory : Oils

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Cheaper than Wood.

The above cut shows Picket Fence with gate. (This is not a netting.) Can be used on Iron or Wood Posts. When writing for prices give Quantity, Number of Gates, Double and Single, Wanted. We also Manufacture Heavy Iron Fencing, Crossing, Stable Fittings, Fire Escapes and WIRE WORK. Cresting, Chairs and Railings, Grass and Iron Grills, WIRE DOOR AND WINDOW SCREENS, and all Kinds of WIRE WORK.

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Oldest established house in the city, where nothing but pure goods are put up, strictly for family and medicinal use. Nothing better than Golden Wedding. Next on the list, Guckenheimer, 5, Gray's Monongahela Rye; these goods are leading brands. Brandies of vintage of 1878 on hand. Gins, Holland and Domestic, also Old Tom. Finch's Golden Wedding, $1.00 for full quart, 6 for $5.00. Guckenheimer's the same; Monongahela, $3.00 per dozen. Wines, $5.00 per dozen; $3.00 for one-half dozen. Securely boxed. Also have in stock, Grandfather's Choice, at $2.00 per gallon, barrels at special rates. Apr. 26, '90-ly

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SKIN DISEASES SWAYNE'S OINTMENT

ABSOLUTELY CURES. The simple application of "Swayne's Ointment" without any internal medicine, will cure any case of Tetter, Eczema, Ringworm, Pimples, Itch, Scrofula, Erysipelas, &c., no matter how inveterate or long standing. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail for 50 cts. 3 Boxes, $1.25. Address, Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask your druggist for it.

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HALF THE COST of hoisting saved to Storekeepers, Butchers, Farmers, Machinists, Builders, Contractors and OTHERS. Admitted to be the greatest improvements EVER made in tackle blocks. Freight prepaid. Write for catalogue.

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EVERYBODY in Cambria county should read the FREEMAN. Only $1.50 per year.

TEXAS CATTLE.

Something About their Probable Origin and Their Value to the Farmer.

In reply to an inquirer we would say that Texas cattle are of Spanish origin, descending from the Spanish stock that was introduced into Mexico in the sixteenth century. Undoubtedly they were originally the cattle kept by the Moors and Castilians for hundreds of years. They never have been possessed of any marked merit. It is probable that the Texan is not as good, however, as its ancestry, for it has run wild while the originals received better, though probably very indifferent care. They are tall, lank, coarse-headed and bony, with immense horns. They have long, coarse legs, considerable dewlap and not much brisket; their sides are flat, back swayed, high in flank, narrow in quarters and hips, and their meat is an inferior quality of beef. As they are bred and kept it costs little to produce the beef, and there being an inadequacy of supply of beef of the best quality, they find a ready sale and return a profit. But the time must come when the Texan will be a poor investment.

In fact, the time will come when nothing but the very best beef producer will be regularly bred and fed. In color they are dun, red, yellow, brindle, black and blue roan, mixed with more or less white. A distinguished writer dismisses them with the following very accurate estimate of their real value: "As to their value for any economical purpose, beyond their hides, what little tallow they have, their horns and bones for manufacturing or fertilizing purposes, we consider them of little consequence within the bounds of modern civilization or intelligent agriculture." And yet in the present condition of things, with not enough beef produced outside of these cattle to supply the demand for the poorer grades of beef, their products seem to be a real necessity. But then it is possible that if they were out of the way a better class of beef in larger quantities would be produced, and thus both consumer and producer would be benefited.—Western Rural.

A Rilking Device.

The air is swarming with flies, bringing a return of the vexations with which milkers are all so familiar. The plan shown does not mean that one has to hitch the cow by the tail to hold her while he milks. The device is designed to be used in the stables to keep the cow's tail out of the pail and out of the milker's face, which is usually the second place she wishes to put it. It is made of a small piece of hickory with a long, deep notch sawed in one end. A clinched nail or screw keeps it from splitting further. The long hair or brush of the tail is slipped between the prongs, and the ring is slipped over the ends, thus securely fastening it.

A MILKING DEVICE.

The ring is fastened to some part of the stick with a string long enough to permit its being put in place readily. Strapped to the upper end of the stick is a snap into which is slipped another ring at the end of a small rope attached to the wall behind the cow. When the milking is finished, with one hand slip the lower ring off the prongs and the whole will drop back against the side of the stable, and the tail be free. Small ropes, with rings at the end, are fastened along the back of the stable midway between two cows, one answering for both. The fastener is unsnapped and moved from ring to ring as needed. This is valuable not only as an aid in fly-time, but as a cause of additional cleanliness, which at some seasons is the greater benefit.

HE GOT DAMAGES.

A Man Who Knew His Rights and Dared Maintain Them.

A contractor for a new building on Michigan avenue left the cellar unguarded at a certain spot, and a young man who was passing by on his way into a grocery tumbled in. A gash was cut in his scalp, two teeth loosened, his ear cut, and his coat was ripped up the back.

"Where's the boss of this job?" he demanded, as he got up.

"I'm the man," replied the individual named. "I'm very sorry this happened, and what—"

"Sorry, are you! Well, being sorry won't pay the damages! I want you to come down."

"I am sorry, as I said before, and am willing to do what is right. If you—"

"No beating around, now! I want cash damages."

"How much?"

"Well, I tell you what it is, a man who will set a trap of this kind for people ought to be made to sweat for it; and if you don't fork over two shillings, I'll law you clear to the Supreme Court and back again."

"Two shillings?" gasped the boss.

"Yes, two shillings, and not a red less."

It was handed to him quicker than greased lightning, and as he went his way he said to some of the bystanders:

"That's the way to get your rights—stand right up to folks!"

How to Cut Up Hogs.

Farmers make too hard work of cutting up pork. Twenty minutes is a good allowance of time with the usual appliances for each carcass. Remove the leaf fat first, then make the cuts as indicated by the dotted lines on the

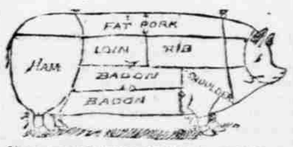

diagram and your meat is in excellent shape for economical use. A good rule for cutting the hams is to start at a point six inches from the root of the tail and cut straight across to the flank. This makes very handsome-shaped hams. Let the cuts be made in the order of the numbers on the diagram. After the cuts are all made, then the pork for salting may be parted from the rib and loin with a suitable knife. This to be neatly and satisfactorily done requires no small amount of practice. A good eye that can comprehend the exact position of the knife is essential. When the baking pieces are finally cut out, smooth the surface, which will have been more or less roughened in the process of cutting, with the side of the knife. When the shoulder is cut out, run the knife through it five or six times (not through the skin side) so that the pickle can readily penetrate to all parts in the shortest possible time. This engraving should show the hind leg stretched out more, as when hanging.

—"I am mistaken!" exclaimed Lummix, as he entered the club. "You usually are," admitted Trivvett; "but what is the matter now?" "Miss Ransom has taken me."—Inter Ocean.

R. L. JOHNSTON. M. J. BUCK. A. W. BUCK

ESTABLISHED 1872.

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EBENSBURG, - - - PENN'A.

A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

ESTABLISHED 1888.

Carrolltown Bank,

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T. A. SHARBAUGH, Cashier.

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The following are the principal features of a general banking business:

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Extended to customers on favorable terms and approved paper discounted at all times.

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Made in the locality and upon all the banking towns in the United States. Charges moderate.

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Issued negotiable in all parts of the United States, and foreign exchange issued on all parts of Europe.

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Of merchants, farmers and others solicited, to whom reasonable accomodation will be extended.

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When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

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A life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address

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VIGOR AND STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, General and NERVOUS DEBILITY, Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young, Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to Enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) Free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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RESULT:

I take My Meals,
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AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; getting fat too, FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incipient Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING

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AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK." SUCH TESTIMONY IS NOTHING NEW. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS DOING WONDERS DAILY. TAKE NO OTHER.

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MANUFACTURER OF

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A Serious Question for All Young Men to Consider.

"The question of choosing a business is a serious one. As a rule, a young man should adopt the calling for which he has a preference. If he has no particular choice, it would be well for him to try different occupations, until he finds one that suits him. I do not count changing about to gratify a spirit of uneasiness, for once a young man is installed in the business that suits him, he ought to stick to it," writes Russell Sage to the New York Herald. "I have known young men who entered employments reluctantly and, after a trial, became fond of them. A young man must be determined to succeed. After all, there is one great lever and that is will-power. Without it very few men succeed.

"It depends on the circumstances whether failures betray incapacity in a man. If a failure is due to a want of general, then it may be attributed to a lack of foresight and understanding. A shrewd merchant will not stock up on unsalable things; a shrewd farmer will not plant his ground to raise unsal